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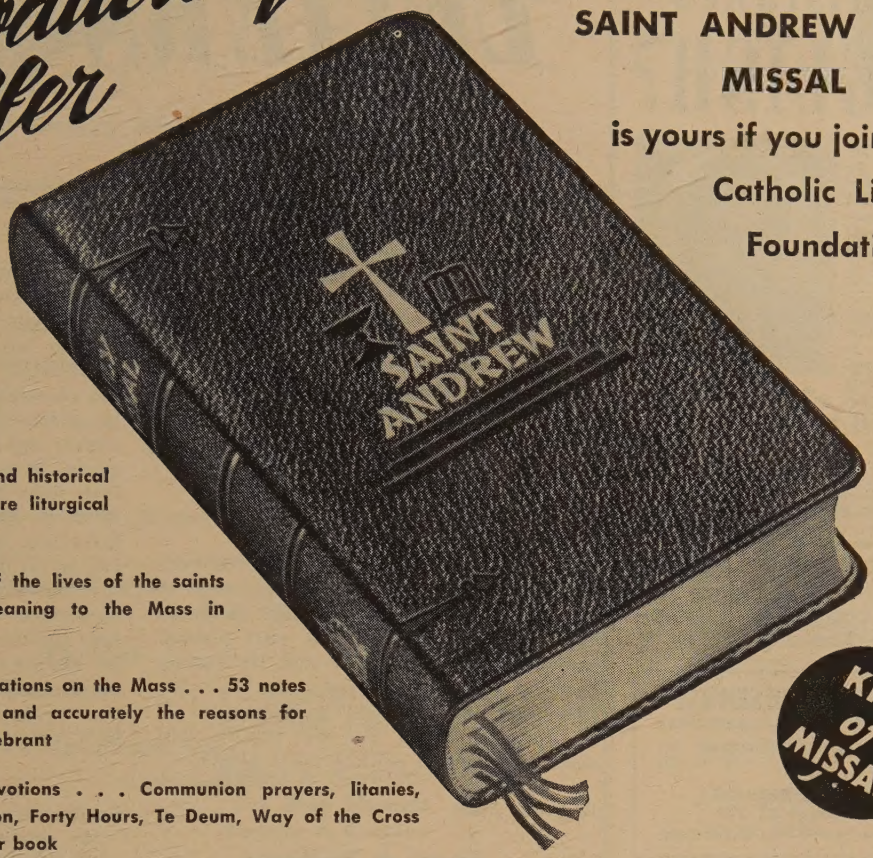

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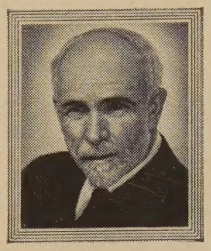

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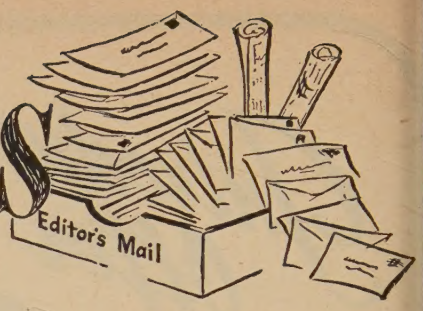

Shell or "Hell"?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Couldn't help noticing in the "Current Fact and Comment" section the picture of a greeting from those who know, how the partially blocked Shell Oil sign helps the idea you are so ably attempting to convey.

C. W. RUSSELL

Lynchburg, Va.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What photographic genius inspired your picture of the DP's hostile greeting to Vishinsky! (Please refer to page eleven of your December issue.) Did your photographer intentionally allow that DP banner decrying Communist tyranny to block the first letter of the "Shell" gasoline sign? If so, congratulations for the world's best description of the world's worst plague.

JAMES KERRIGAN

Bedford, Mass.

Stage & Screen

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Jerry Cotter's November column, "Stage and Screen," was certainly a wretched performance. Mr. Cotter should stick to mere reviews and not digress to the political sphere about which he obviously knows nothing.

Mr. Cotter's treatment of Judy Holliday and Jose Ferrer is at once discourteous and foolish. He forgets that during the harassing days of the "nineteen-thirties" it was possible that everyone was in a state of confusion about politics. He forgets that Father Coughlin and Father Terminello would have taken us down just as dangerous pathways as Holliday and Ferrer.

Does Mr. Cotter know what a bona fide patriotic group is? I am not so sure that he does. It would seem to me that he might have reference to the Bund, the Klan, and other like groups.

Mr. Cotter's criticism of Chaplin is truthfully applicable to himself: "though hardly qualified, he essayed the role of philosopher . . . and political sage."

EDWARD L. STEPNOWSKI

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

From reading Jerry Cotter's review in "Stage and Screen," of *Limelight* I was given to understand that the latter was worthless to spend an evening on. However, when upon a friend's invitation, I did see the film *Limelight* I was agreeably surprised because it contradicted everything that Mr. Cotter had written about or against it. There was not a dull mom in it, numerous flashes of genuine p fundity about various aspects of life, a exceedingly artistic.

After all, Charlie Chaplin is a v great artist, even if his medium be that low comedian, and an artist of such stat is never devoid of thinking capacit within the borders of his special kind world, to be sure, and as such deserves little more respect from critics, mere crit if their opinion is to carry any weig But, then, everyone is entitled to an op ion of his own. It was only that I differ so widely from that expressed by the ab mentioned Mr. Cotter. As for Mr. Ch lin's politics, it has yet to be proved t he espouses the cause of atheistic Co munism, which I doubt very much.

MRS. J. BRENN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plaudits

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My sincere congratulations for your fi editorial "The Charlie Chaplin Affa which expresses so well why the Unit States has released him.

All the issues of THE SIGN show su careful preparation and timing that th deserve, and I believe obtain, very care reading and very generous lending to oth to spread solid instruction and valuable formation to all.

My kind greetings and best wishes a prayers.

(MOST REVEREND) W. M. DU
ARCHBISHOP OF VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER, B. C.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a line to tell you how much we e joyed the Confraternity of Christian Do trine articles that you have carried.

We are hoping you will give us mo this year.

SISTER M. EUNI

MONTICELLO, MINN.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What a magazine!!

MRS. EDW. STEINW

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Home and the Old

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Replying to Mrs. A. K. in her letter the December issue of THE SIGN, I think h suggestion un-Christian. She states th older folk seem to forget they have liv their lives and insinuates that many ma riages are in danger of break-up becau

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JANUARY 1953
VOL. 32 No. 6

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AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS 1

Editor's page

Eisenhower and Our Allies

WHEN General Eisenhower walks up the steps of the White House, he will find plenty of problems awaiting him, but none more urgent than the present trend among our Western allies.

Many West European leaders have been crystal-ball gazing. Naturally, they see what they want to see. They are convinced that they can believe Stalin when he says that the Red Army will not attack.

What makes the matter dangerous is that these leaders do not limit themselves to a guessing game about Stalin's intentions. They feel that they have a certain answer to the 64-dollar question and act accordingly. They are lowering previously agreed defense goals, reducing industrial expansion, decreasing production of matériel, cutting down the period of conscription, trimming arms budgets, and acting in general as if we were assured of "peace in our time."

Some facts in this matter are certain, and others are as simple as the multiplication table. It is certain that we can have no certainty regarding Stalin's intentions. Indeed, it is highly probable that the less he resorts to saber-rattling and the more he talks peace, the greater is the danger. How ill prepared Western Europe is to meet this danger is a matter of simple arithmetic. The best intelligence estimate of Soviet power is that right now the Reds could send 100 divisions across Northern Europe and 76 southward toward the Mediterranean. To meet this threat, Western Europe will have 65 divisions some time in 1954—presuming German participation.

And that isn't the whole story of Western weakness. The Western alliance is in danger of breakdown from internal dissensions and fratricidal discords. Germany and France are at one another's throats over the Saar and over German rearmament; France is angry at the U. S. because of our attitude in the U. N. on Tunisia and French Morocco, resents our urgings that she meet her Nato requirements, and demands help in carrying on the war in Indo-China.

The Germans are aware of their excellent bargaining position and are squeezing as much as possible out of the West in return for rearming. Iran is teetering on the verge of anarchy while threatening national suicide to spite the West; the Middle East is in a state of constant ferment brought to a boiling point by American and British support of the Zionist aggression against the Arabs; Italy and Yugoslavia are at swords' points over Trieste; the British are so divided that there is constant danger that the Bevanites may get control and adopt a pro-Soviet or at least neutral attitude.

These nations do have one thing in common. For the most part, they dislike us Americans; some of them dislike us intensely.

This sentiment is not difficult to understand. Only a generation or so ago, they were the great mother countries—rich, powerful, independent, respected. Today we Americans, newcomers on the international scene, are the richest and most powerful nation on earth. These proud old countries must come to us hat in hand and beg a dole. It is only natural that they should resent the changed status, that they should soothe their wounded pride by contemning us and our ways.

The new President will have the task of prodding our allies into making more effort in their own behalf and of uniting them more closely to one another and to ourselves. He will need all the diplomatic and military genius which he showed in welding into a victorious unit the various armies of World War II.

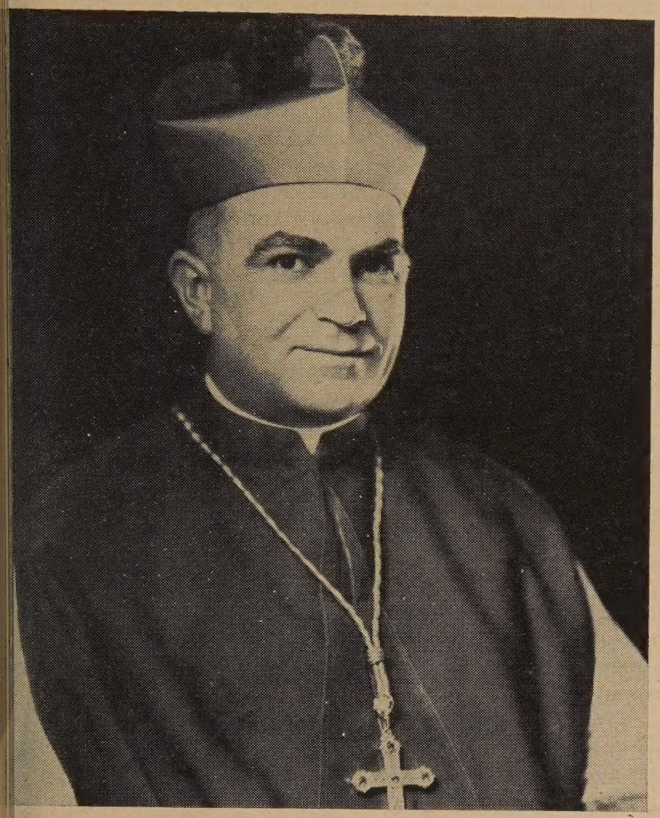
It will be a help if he remembers that most of our allies would rather earn their keep than accept a dole, but that in many cases they can't do it because of our trade restrictions. It will also help if he recalls from time to time with due humility that it was partly a blundering and stupid American foreign policy that has gotten us and our allies into the present international mess.

The new President should have our fervent prayers for his success. The task at hand is of vital importance to all of us as Americans and Christians.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Religious News

Most Rev. Thomas A. Boland, new Archbishop of Newark. *The Sign* extends congratulations to the new Ordinary.

United Press

Two U. S. blind boys unveil bust of Louis Braille, Catholic inventor of touch reading. An appropriate gift for France.

Communism and the Elections

DOMESTIC Communism was a major issue in the recent elections. The Republicans attacked the soft, "red-herring" approach to the problem. Now that they are in power, they must produce a clear-cut program. It seems to us that they must answer three questions. How is Communism a menace here? What was wrong with the previous approach to the problem? What is a sound method for meeting it?

The first step in facing the issue would be to clear up fuzzy thinking regarding Communism. There is still too much talk, and even laws, about "violent overthrow of the American government." It is about time to state bluntly that there is no Red revolution in the making. The American Communist Party could not overthrow the New York police department, much less our nation.

On the other hand, Communist espionage and sabotage is a real problem. Thousands of Soviet spies are still in our midst. They come as diplomats of the U.S.S.R. and its satellites. Russian news agencies transmit a million words for every small item which appears in *Pravda or Izvestia.* Red-controlled unions nest in our defense plants. Their work today is espionage and disruption. Tomorrow it may be sabotage.

Likewise, Communism is still an influence in the field of policy and of molding public opinion. Presumably the new Administration will make short shrift of known Reds in public office. But there is still considerable infiltration in the universities, publishing fields, and other agencies for molding opinion.

The past approach to this problem has been repudiated at the polls. We need a new approach which will be direct and blunt. Such a method would clear away the atmosphere of confusion, smears, and hysteria about threats to our civil liberties. The fears which beset our liberals today are of their own making. Had they faced the issue honestly and directly, there would have been no problem of "McCarthyism" or whatever label they might use.

We might cite the federal loyalty program as an example. To root out a few thousand Reds, millions of government workers were screened. Untrained loyalty boards tried to cope with this highly technical problem. Their hands were tied, until recently, by the unrealistic requirement that they prove *present* disloyalty.

The same method was repeated by Congressional committees and private groups.

The new Administration has a chance to scotch the snake of internal Communism. It can do this without endangering civil liberties.

Let us first take the problem of Communist influence in government. To meet this we need new and trained loyalty boards which would work closely and intelligently with the F.B.I. These boards would have broad powers to consider

A moving plea for a Korean peace by Peru's Belaunde at U.N. has not influenced Russians at all.

Meanwhile another moving plea is made on the Korean front. The U. N. could learn from this marine corporal.

United Press photos

Lest we forget, the other Communist front in Indo-China. France fights here with vast expenditure of men and arms.

loyalty, security, and the public welfare. The Bureau would have the right to initiate action with the loyalty board. It would not need to wait for a formal request for investigation. Under such a program, we could directly attack the Communist, the person of doubtful loyalty, and the threat to our security, without bothering millions of loyal employees.

The second phase would be to expose Communists in unions, schools, and other areas which influence public opinion. This could be done by open collaboration between the F.B.I. and the proper Congressional committees. The Bureau could give Congress, in confidence, facts about important individuals and organizations. The committees in turn could subpoena these persons. They could be asked under oath, the 64-dollar questions. This method would uproot every important hidden Red in the United States. Once exposed, public opinion would take care of them.

This pin-point approach would hit only the guilty. It would do away with broad charges and mass screenings. It, combined with tighter laws on espionage and sabotage, the threat to our internal security would be wiped out. This program would rely heavily upon the integrity of the F.B.I. But it has merited this confidence. Our courts could handle crimes against national security. And public exposure would nullify the propaganda work of the Communist Party.

One World? Here's How

THE Dutch have produced one of the great "firsts" of history. On December 2, 1952, the Lower House of the Netherlands Parliament provided for the future transfer of sovereign authority to a super-state. Upon the expected approval of the Senate, the Netherlands will be constitutionally prepared to shrink to the political dimensions of a province in a single nation that will cover the whole world.

Every honest nation dreams of the day when it and its neighbors will knock down the expensive barriers of national jealousy and live as one peaceful people. Everybody *dreams* vaguely of it. But the Dutch have *done* something about it.

This does not mean that they will race madly over to East Forty-Second St., New York, and surrender their country to the United Nations.

The U.N. is hardly the world body the Dutch are thinking of. As presently constituted, the U.N. can perform certain deliberative and welfare services of an international kind. But it cannot rule the world. In fact, at the moment, it cannot even get France to sit down and talk sensibly about the trouble in Tunisia.

Some obvious changes would have to be made in the character of the U.N. to qualify it for the responsibility which the Dutch are prepared to lay into the hands of a properly responsible organization.

For instance, in its present form, the U.N. is not a *world* body. Many nations are excluded from it. Excluded, incidentally, for the ironic reason that they are too good. Wholesome government is unacceptable to certain members of the U.N. and is regularly and successfully vetoed. This is the honest-to-goodness reason why such countries as Eire, Austria, and Italy are not members of the U.N. right now.

Neither is the U.N. a *united* body. Some of its member nations are actually at war with it. And while at war with it, they present the astonishing spectacle of voting on its defense resolutions. Like a parcel of unfed cats sitting-in disconcertingly at a convention of mice.

The U.N. is not a truly *efficient* body. The Soviet can tie up important Security Council business any time it pleases. A situation similar to a crook's being able to veto all the cops in town.

No, despite its undeniably solid—if paraplegic—achievements, the U.N. is not a suitable repository of the trust which the Netherlands is willing to deliver up to a world state.

We hope, however, that the present congenitally crippled U.N. will prepare the way for a sounder one.

Perhaps we should all get ready for this pacific, one-world society by making whatever Constitutional adjustments may be necessary. If everybody got ready, the gesture might hasten the arrival of a satisfactory super-state. Much as cheering is supposed to stimulate touchdowns at football games.

At the moment, only the Dutch are ready. And that makes them the first modern political cosmopolites—a nation of distinction.

India's Mercy Toward POW's

INDIA'S Korean truce compromise, like its legendary rope trick, has us puzzled. In its original form, what in the world did the document mean? Peering through the murk of history, we recall that the truce talks started on July 10, 1951. They are still in session—though in a state of profound hibernation at the moment. That makes a total of eighteen months.

During this stretch of repetitious debate and masterful pot vituperation, the difference between the U.N. allies and the Communist aggressors has become as clear as the duplicity of Stalin's smile. The Communists want Communist prisoners-of-war forcibly returned in any prisoner exchange. They believe not only in an iron curtain, which is an enclosed pasture for human cattle. They believe also that the U.N. should round up and drive back any of their brand that have strayed off the range. The U.N. insists that only those POW's who want will have to go back.

In this case, the Communist position is the classic totalitarian one: A citizen has no rights against the men who run the state. The U.N. position is the democratic one: A citizen has basic rights which the state can never lawfully invade. Such a right is the right which he shares in common with rescued sailors—the right not to be pushed back overboard, after he has been saved from drowning.

Into this clarified atmosphere of negotiation came the Indian compromise formula, on November 17, 1952. The compromise proposed sending back to the Reds those who want to go back to them, appointing a committee to talk about the others, and, in the meantime, keeping the reluctant repatriates in jail.

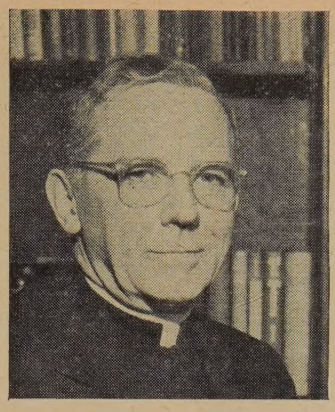
But this solution did not touch the core of the case. The core continued to be the old question: Are these others to be forcibly repatriated or not? In this original form, the Indian compromise did nothing but give the squirrel cage a new spin.

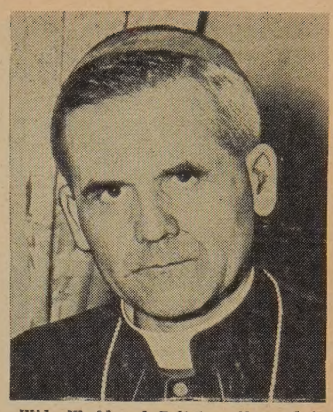
Weasel Words Can Kill Men

THE formula would never work. The average citizen, who is not given to the critical reading of documents, would be put through an emotional wringer. His hopes would soar in the initial stages of the exchange. Then, suddenly, he would find himself in the same situation as before—with 100,000 prisoners-of-war on his hands and on his conscience.

Some analysts have suspected that India wanted this to happen, in the hope that, out of weariness, a discouraged public would persuade us to accommodate the Communists.

At our insistence and over much patronizing protest, the Indian resolution was amended to take account of our side. What will come of it eventually—or of any other formula which may be proposed—is anybody's guess.





Wide World and Religious News photos

Abp. McIntyre of Los Angeles and Abp. Leger of Montreal. Congratulations to the two new North American Cardinals.

United Press

Korean Miss, whose American education is G.I.-sponsored, finds food for both soul and body at Barat College, Ill.

United Press

New Secretary of State Dulles with his family, including son, Avery, convert to the faith and Jesuit scholastic.

United Press

The historic inaugural table is readied for January 20th. Used by every president since Lincoln with one exception.

Wide World

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is new U.N. delegation head. He'll soon be working more complicated world puzzles.

But no matter what the future has in store, we must never forget our basic position. We must not be truant officers for the Reds. We must not be slave drivers or cattle hands riding herd on our fellow men. Prisoners-of-war have certain rights. The most basic is the right not to be fattened in an enemy prison for killing at home.

When anybody gets up in the U.N. waving a plan, we should immediately make this clear to him. We will not be parties to slickly disguised genocide, no matter what gooey, diplomatic language is pasted together to justify it.

The Korean Reds will not let us down easily. Not while we stick by our moral guns. Probably neither the Indian formula nor any other will adjust our differences.

We must beware of formulas which have no value except that—being rigamarole and shifty—they might make it easy for us to shed crocodile tears over captives we squeamishly betray.

Such tears, however, make of nations what they make of crocodiles—more dreadful, not more endearing neighbors.

The Clergy Lends A Hand

WE hear so much no-religion-in-the-schools talk from secularist sources that most of us are getting used to it. But it brings us up short when we see some ministers of religion—usually the same ones who are noted for their anti-Catholic tendencies—joining with secularist forces to keep the schools free of religious influence. That looms as one of the major scandals of our day.

There is a standard argument used to support this viewpoint. We have a country of many different religious beliefs. You cannot fairly teach just one religion in the general schools. To teach them all would be a vast, almost impossible undertaking. So, the argument goes, "let's teach none of them in the school. Teach children everything else we can. Teach them government, history, arithmetic, reading . . . but skip religion. Let religion be taught in the church on Sunday and in the home the rest of the week, but never in school. Schools can teach, meanwhile, 'basic moral principles' and 'social and democratic ideals'."

What is wrong with this picture? Just about everything. Any confirmed atheist would feel right at home with such a policy. A convinced Communist could think of no better beginning for his project of destroying the American system. For this program takes God out of human life and puts Him and His affairs off in a separate wing of the house, so to speak.

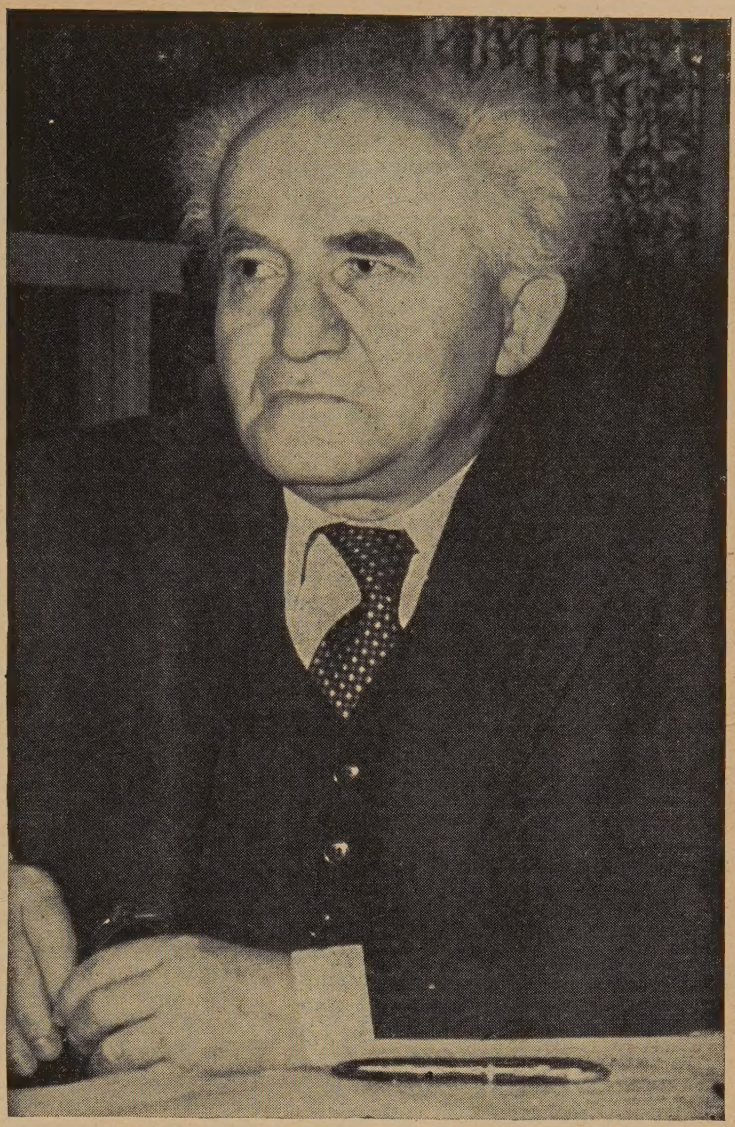
That an out-and-out secularist or an atheist should want to do this is natural. But that Christian clergymen should want to do it is very odd. Not long ago, a minister in Louisiana who was against the local released time program for teaching religion had this to say: "There is a time and a place for everything, and the place for religion is in the home and the church and the time is on Sunday." In other words, religion does not belong in your thoughts when you are at work or at play. Nor, if you are a public official, when you are offered a bribe. Nor anywhere, Monday through Saturday.

What is the logical conclusion from holding that religion can be taught to young people separately from other, secular subjects? Well, the school is, in the mind of the child, the place where he learns about most of the important aspects of human life—the history of man's doings on earth; the world and its countries, its trade, its resources; America and the mechanics of democracy; addition and subtraction and profit and loss, and the rest. Leave religion out of this picture and you are making religion a second-rate thing in the child's outlook. You are telling him, in effect, to take it or leave it, as he wishes. Official atheism is only a step away.

ISRAEL—
a Kingdom Divided

Can the newest nation of the world continue to grow and prosper in spite of its segregation and race prejudice? Or will history repeat itself and fanaticism and internal strain cause its ultimate failure?

by LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER



Wide World photos

Premier David Ben-Gurion, leftist and anti-American

OW many Arabs are there in the Middle East? Put that question to b leaders and you'll get a variety of wers ranging from a low of about ty-five million to a high of about y million. Your informants may not ee on numbers—a fact that is not too nishing if it is remembered that e estimates are based on language ntity and others on various racial racteristics—but they are unanimous two points. There are a lot of Arabs the Middle East and, right now, e of them like us.

n a world where our friends can be nted in the thousands but our en- es in the millions, that is not a sant state of affairs. The Arabs oc- y a territory of great strategic sig- ance. We have gone to considerable s and tremendous expense to estab- a strong point of Western defense Turkey; but the Russians can turn strong point by penetrating strife- Iran, overrunning the Arab States, appearing in our rear. If they do , we lose much more than the vital of the Middle East; we give the Soviet Communists a land bridge to India, Southeast Asia, and North Africa. In other words, we give them easy access to our own "soft underbelly."

To be on good terms with the Arabs ought to be a matter of simple precaution. Theoretically nothing should be easier. Their religion alone makes the Arabs our natural partners in the defense of the believing world against atheistic Communism.

How, then, have we muffed our opportunity and converted the friendship of the Arabs into unconcealed hostility? There is more than one reason, of course, but one is really outstanding. The Arabs accuse us of giving aid and comfort to the Zionists in carrying out the act of premeditated aggression which robbed them of Arab Palestine. And nothing, neither millions in subsidies, nor more generous oil royalties, nor boatloads of Point Four technicians, will ever induce the Arabs to believe that we acted with justice or reason when we encouraged the Zionists to expel the native population and set up a foreign state in territory that has been in Arab hands for 1300 years.

Time and again during my trip to the Middle East, Arabs, Christian as well as Moslem, asked me these questions: "Why does the United States distinguish between Nazi and Communist aggression and Zionist aggression? Why did you fight Hitler but encourage Zionism? Why do you oppose Stalin but support Israel?"

Put in that way—and the Arabs, understandably, refuse to lessen an American's embarrassment by putting them in some softer fashion—these questions are unanswerable. I went to Israel to find out, if I could, whether in place of the Arabs we had helped to dispossess, we had at least established other friends ready, willing, and able to support the Western position in the strate-

gic Middle East. It was possible that the creation of a strong and viable Palestinian state under Jewish auspices, by bringing stability and the four freedoms to the Middle East, could serve as a beacon of progress and enlightenment for the politically backward Arabs and compensate them in some measure for the loss of their homes.

Shortly after the Jewish state was born, it was my good fortune to find relief from the boredom of a long European railroad trip in the company of an Israeli of Polish extraction. He held me spellbound with fascinating stories of his prewar work as an engineer. But the most eloquent portion of his recital was reserved for an account of the creation of the new country. As my chance acquaintance reminded me of the outrageous persecution to which his people had been subjected under Hitler and how the broken remnant of European Jews had looked toward Palestine as a land of renewed promise, some of his enthusiasm for Zionism communicated itself to me.

He spoke in glowing terms of how the Jews, at last, possessed their own homeland, a country of which they were as proud as Americans are of their own native land. He described the tremendous work of construction, the flowering of what had been desert, the colossal task of transporting his people from their overseas homes and refugee camps, the slow progress of building homes and industries, the tremendous financial help freely given by the American Jewish community. It was impossible not to be kindled by his enthusiasm and pride.

Before leaving the train, he gave me his address in Jerusalem and earnestly invited me to come to his country and see for myself if things were not as he described them, if his people had not deserved the help they had received from the United States.

His home was my first stop in Israel this past summer. He greeted me with a wry smile amid a disorderly litter of suitcases, trunks, and cartons.

"You've timed it with only a few days to spare," he told me. "We're leaving for Australia next week. There's a new start waiting for us there."

I expressed my amazement but thought it would hardly be polite to remind him of what he had once told me, that come what might he, like the rest of his people, felt he was home at last and would live and die in Israel.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, "but our conversation took place a long time ago and conditions have changed since then." He smiled apologetically and added, "Either that, or else I let my enthusiasm run away with me."

Then he began to speak passionately, like a man with a burden on his mind. "The trouble here," he said, "is that we really have no basis for a nation. In the beginning we were united by our remembrance of the past and by the hostility of the Arabs. But that doesn't seem to be enough to make a nation out of people who speak sixty-four different languages and come from every possible cultural and educational level. Maybe if we had time, if we had centuries, but even then I'm not sure.

"Look here!" He drew me to a window and pointed to the crowded street. Some of the pedestrians looked like Europeans, the kind of people you see in Paris or Vienna or Zurich. Others resembled the Asiatic and African types so commonly seen in the Middle Eastern bazaars.

My friend singled out an athletic-looking Negro dressed in Arab style and trailed by three Negro women and half a dozen children. He was a Yemenite Jew and his harem.

"I assure you," the Israeli engineer said earnestly, "that I'm as free from racial prejudices as the next man, but it's madness to believe that my wife and children and I can co-operate harmoniously with people like that in the creation of a new nation."

He went on bitterly, "The only thing we have in common is our religion, and even there the difference between the Yemenite Jew and myself is greater than the difference between me and the average European Protestant.

"Do you know," he asked, "that son of the Yemenite immigrants have act ally had to be forcibly restrained fro sacrificing live animals in their religio rites? No, my friend, I was wrong; was a dream. If only it were possible win these people away from their prim tive habits, but it can't be done. Th have a dozen children to our one. Thr generations from now we'll all Yemenites."

My friend's bitter words laid bare t roots of an unanticipated proble Zionism was originally a movement European and American Jewish origi Its purpose was to find a safe haven f the persecuted Jews of Europe, and was for that worthy aim that America Jews gave so generously of their fo tunes. When Zionism reached its goa the gates of the new country were flun open to Jews from all over the worl

From the beginning, there had bee trouble in Palestine between Europea Jewish immigrants and the few tho sand native Palestinian Jews whose wa of life and culture made them feel mo at home with their Arab neighbors tha with the newcomers. Kipling's "East East and West is West, and never th twain shall meet," is nowhere bett exemplified than in this ancient corn of the Middle East. Europeans an Orientals can and should respect eac other's habits and customs but usual find it disastrous to form a mixed co munity.

As Oriental Jews began to exerci their right to come to the new count and poured in by the hundreds thousands, their European co-religio ists were seized with panic. Forgotte

Peaceful Arabs were forced to evacuate their century-old villages. They must now live in tents. Displaced persons in their own countr

their own recent past, when they e the victims of fraudulent race and od theories, and in their fear of be- submerged by a strange and alien , they resurrected the questionable trines for which the Nazis once ned the scorn of the world. They n made their feelings of superiority arent to the Oriental Jews who, in n, are filled with righteous anger. A at chasm splits Israel today.

t would be difficult to build a coun- out of such disparate elements un- the best of conditions, and economic ditions in Israel have been bad from very start. It is a tiny and impov- hed land. The European immigrants not farmers for the most part. The nenites resent being turned into a s of agricultural laborers. Israel has natural resources to support indus- l development. An amazing number industrial enterprises are in opera- , but they are principally artificial wths on sentimental, not economic, ts.

urrounded by a sea of self-created mies and burdened by the influx of opulation which has not yet had e to put down roots and fend for lf, Israel today is living on American rity. That was admitted by every ponsible Israeli to whom I spoke. vernment officials, businessmen, ners, and journalists all agreed that only way Israel can endure is for the ted States to transmit sufficient capi- -and that means billions on an even ger scale than anything we have done Europe—to establish a host of new ustries and agricultural enterprises. n then, they acknowledge, propor- tionately heavy annual subsidies will still be necessary until far into the in- definite future in order to pay for raw materials from abroad, make up for the food deficit, and pay for the resettlement of the heavy flow of immigrants.

It is true that one Israeli faction, the left-wing Mapam Socialist and the Communists, believe, or pretend to be- lieve, that some of the necessary help will come from Soviet Russia. The Israeli Government's official policy is to accept help from wherever it comes. It recently offered oil concessions to the Soviet Union in exchange for Red ex- perts and technical equipment. But most Israeli realists understand that Moscow neither will nor can assist them, and that the United States will continue to be their only source of help.

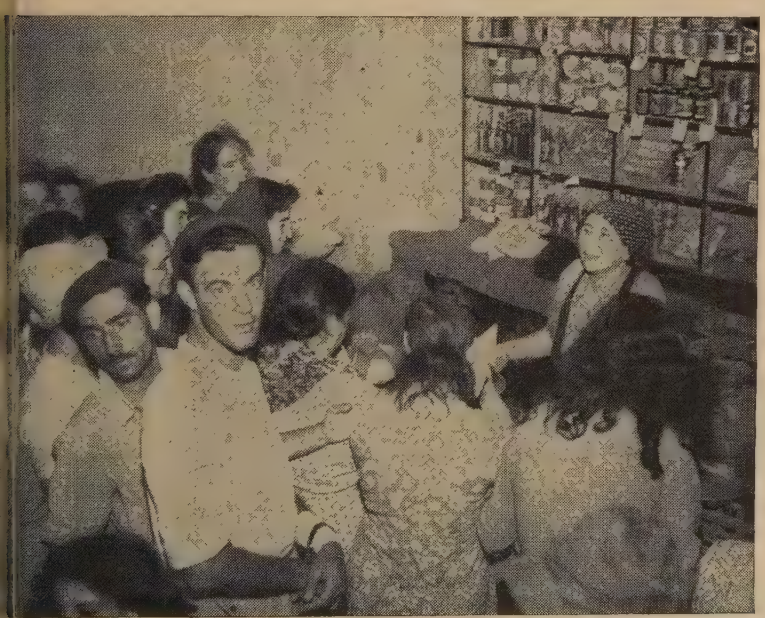
Although the Israelis lean heavily on their American co-religionists and the United States Government, I found the atmosphere heavily laden with anti- Americanism. The usual clichés can be heard in abundance: we are material- ists; ours is a Coca Cola civilization; the United States is anxious for war; the Vatican and the American Government are conspiring together against peace; we are trying to avoid a truce in Korea.

This distaste for Americans and American policies follows one channel, however, which is peculiar to Israel. In- stead of praise for the American Jews for their magnificent help, I heard con- stant criticism of them for their wealth and for their reluctance to pack up their property and move bag and bag- gage to Israel. The basis for this anti- Americanism seems to be the extreme left-wing orientation of the more articu- late leaders in Israel, many of whom, like Premier David Ben-Gurion, were members of the Socialist and other radi- cal parties of Eastern Europe before they emigrated.

There are two great handicaps ob- structing a viable economy, even if the additional American assistance now be- ing requested is granted. Many of the European immigrants are elderly people who can make no great contribution to the country's industrial and agricultural prosperity, while others, notably the Oriental Jews, simply lack the skills to make an advantageous contribution. Us- ing this latter handicap as the pretext, the European Jews who control the country have lately adopted a policy of selective immigration, in the hope of keeping out the unskilled and the unfit and attracting newcomers with both skills and capital. Opponents of the new policy denounce it as a panic measure, inspired by the European fear of an Oriental influx.

In any case, the policy is foundering because American Jews evince no en- thusiasm for leaving the United States and resettling in Israel. European Jews, right after the war, were willing to go to Israel only when no other place of refuge was open to them. Many who are still in the European refugee camps, under the influence of complaining let- ters from friends and relatives already in Israel, are declining to move to that country. As for the French, British, and Belgian Jews, like the Americans they want to stay home.

But the very fact that the Israeli Government has advanced these pro- posals for selective immigration has



Jews buy goods at Arab grocery store; real owner dispossessed. Jewish immigrants have taken over entire Arab villages

Yemenite family in an Israeli detention camp. Oriental Jews are both unwanted and segregated

antagonized the Oriental Jews, who already form about half the population. They bitterly complain that European Jews are trying to perpetuate their control and establish themselves as a master race. Government officials denied these accusations, but a number of Oriental Jews, interviewed in a reception center, alleged that the conditions under which they were housed and fed were far inferior to those enjoyed by newcomers from the West. They also said their children received far fewer educational facilities, and that they themselves were rarely offered anything better than menial jobs.

Most Oriental Jews are banned from returning to the lands of their origin by Arab restrictions, but nevertheless a number of them told me that they would gladly return to Iraq and Yemen if arrangements could be made and if they had the money for their return passages. Indeed, a number of Indian and Ethiopian Jews, not subject to these restrictions, recently returned to their homelands after protesting that they were subjected to humiliation in Israel because of their color. Nor is this immigration-in-reverse confined to the Oriental Jews. Numerous Western Jews, like my engineer friend, are leaving the country as fast as other possibilities open for them.

BUSINESSMEN also have their complaints. They are worried by the increased pace of the march toward Socialism. The largest political party, Premier Ben-Gurion's Mapai, is wholly Socialist. Mapai, plus Mapam, the left-wing Socialist group, and the Communists and other splinter parties of the left, command the votes of more than half the electorate. A small-scale furniture manufacturer in Tel-Aviv said that Mapai, which has been treading carefully until now in order not to frighten away American capital, is now reverting to Socialist type.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "if all this money would have been sent to Israel if the donors realized they were financing another Socialist experiment."

In the opinion of many, Mapai aims to create a Socialist economy even further to the left than the recent British try. Most of my informants thought that Mapai, under the pressure of their extremist Mapam rivals, would be forced to travel "as far to the left as you can go without calling it Communism."

"I'm about ready to quit," one businessman told me. "My brother in the United States is doing his best to get a visa for us. I see expropriation of all private property in another five years."

A third source of discontent is the enormous burden of military service and military expenditures shouldered by the tiny country. Israel looks like an armed camp. Soldiers of both sexes and armed to the teeth are seen everywhere, accompanied by efficient-looking tanks and other lethal equipment. The regular budget includes a sizable item for military expenditures but, in addition, there is a huge secret fund for the same purpose. This so-called Special Defense Budget is financed via the printing press and treasury notes, and thus has a terrific inflationary effect on the economy. But the inflationary effect is not the chief reason for the distaste of those who regret the enormous military expenditures and the maintenance of an oversize standing army.

"I know that in these times we need an army, even a big one," a rabbi told me, "but I'm afraid that the establishment we have now is much too large. Certainly it's bigger than we need to defend our borders. The only reason I can see for maintaining an army of the present size is because some of our jingoists are looking forward to a foreign 'adventure'."

He was reluctant to amplify his remarks. But from other, bolder sources I learned that a number of Israeli leaders, among them Menachem Begin, the terrorist leader, have been quietly but ardently pressing the Israeli claim for additional *Lebensraum* in the surrounding Arab territories.

Among these rather anachronistic Jewish advocates of a former Nazi tenet are spokesmen for part of the Orthodox sector of the population. It is their thesis that Israel must expand until its borders encompass all territory occupied by the Jewish state during its Biblical heyday. That takes in an amazing amount of territory, because at various times Biblical Judea and Israel co quered and controlled all of what now the Hashemite Kingdom of Jorda Syria, Lebanon, and even portions Iraq and Egypt. The danger of renewe Israeli aggression against the Arabs is serious one.

The impression I gathered from co versations with government officials an private citizens alike is that under n circumstances will the present Israe government carry out its obligation t withdraw from Jerusalem and perm the internationalization of that Ho City which contains so many religio monuments sacred to Christians an Moslems as well as Jews. On the co trary, their attitude is hardening again other religions. A Franciscan Fath told me that the Israeli Government w making it increasingly difficult to mai tain the Catholic shrines by denyin building permits and materials need for their repair in many instances, an in others by granting the permits b obstructing the recruitment of a lab force. The Father was of the opinio that many government officials ha swallowed too much of the heady do trine of Jewish racial and religious s periority.

ONE of my experiences bears th out. After I reached Israel I learne that the Government's published poli is to grant entry permits to priests an religious of all nationalities. Yet Israe consulates abroad frequently deny the entry permits to priests of German an Austrian nationality.

In the face of such fanaticism, and i the light of the internal strains an stresses which have already caused suc enormous cracks in the Israeli state, th Zionist experiment hardly seems stabilizing force for domestic and inte national peace in the Middle Eas Their past sufferings have earned th Jews of Israel the sympathy of mo Americans. One can only hope tha their current policies, which mo Americans would regard as serious e rors, do not bring them a self-create repetition of tragedy.

Nothing can wipe out or even aton for the act of aggression committed b the Zionists against the Arab world o for the sufferings of the almost one mi lion Arab refugees who are today hom less and without hope. However, would have been good to be able t report that despite the bedrock of in justice and persecution underlying th foundation of Israel, American aid wa well deserved and that the new stat was solid, strong, and thriving. That i is not so is a major tragedy of the time and a poor reward for that alienatio of the Arab world which our pro-Zion ist stand has earned for us.

Giveaway

▶ The new bride was about to cover her pantry shelves with newspapers when her mother protested, telling her to use any other kind of paper, but never newspapers.

"But why?" asked the bride.

"Newspapers are dated," explained the voice of experience. "Do you want everybody to know when you cleaned your shelves last?"

—Irene Francis

Wide World

The President briefing the President-elect. Eisenhower accepts no responsibility until inauguration

When America Changes Presidents

We have gotten rid of the lame-duck Congress. Why not get rid of the lame-duck President?

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

NEARLY twenty years ago, the American people got rid of the lame-duck Congress by adopting a Constitutional amendment. But they still have the problem of the lame-duck President.

When a president is defeated—or his party is rejected, as happened last November—under our system of government the incumbent continues to conduct the affairs of the nation until his successor takes office. Until the Constitutional amendment was adopted, this interregnum was a period of four months; today it is eleven weeks.

In such a brief period in normal times, situations are not likely to arise that call for immediate action. The outgoing president may coast until the new administration comes in. But in a time of crisis, such as we now live in and such as has existed during two or three change-over periods in our history, situations may arise that do require prompt decisions. Then the anomaly of having a president whose views may be very different from those of his prospective successor becomes glaringly apparent.

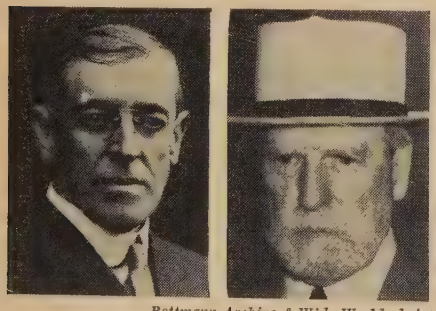
In such times, the transition period is extremely trying for both the incumbent and the incoming president. The incumbent hesitates to make decisions that may run counter to decisions his successor would make in the same situations. The president-elect is haunted by the fear that the incumbent may take a step—particularly in the field of foreign policy—that would jeopardize the success of a different measure he may have in mind. Conceivably, an outgoing president—even with the most innocent intentions—could make a move in foreign affairs that would plunge the future administration into a war.

Co-operation between the expiring and incoming administrations has proved difficult—historically it has seldom worked—because the presidents-elect have been reluctant to share responsi-

bility for measures that constitutionally only the incumbent can undertake.

Fortunately for Mr. Truman, his successor, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, happened to concur in the Administration's views on the only foreign-policy question which demanded action in the interim between the election and the inauguration. That was the necessity of taking a position in the United Nations with respect to the Indian resolution calling for an immediate armistice in Korea. Mr. Truman had decided that the United States should stand pat on its insistence that prisoners in the hands of the Untied Nations forces in Korea should not be turned back to the Communist forces against their wishes. But if the American position was to carry weight with other members of the United Nations, Mr. Truman had to have the approval of the incoming President, who had promised during his campaign to do everything possible to bring the Korean war to an end.

Realizing this, Mr. Truman invited Mr. Eisenhower to a conference and he accepted with the proviso that he would accept no responsibility for any of the Administration's decisions. Mr. Eisenhower did, however, make a public statement supporting the Administration's stand against forcible repatriation of the Communists in United Nations prisoner-of-war camps in Korea. If Mr. Eisenhower had held a different view, Mr. Truman would have faced the choice of backtracking on a position strongly advanced throughout his Administration or standing firm and em-



Bettmann Archive & Wide World photos

Pres. Wilson devised a plan to give Hughes immediate succession in 1916

barrassing his successor in the future handling of the problem.

Mr. Truman and Mr. Eisenhower are not the first President and President-elect to have experienced the difficulty of conducting the Government during the period of transition from an outgoing to an incoming administration. President Woodrow Wilson, a profound student of government, perceived the disadvantage of having the country ruled for a period after an election by a party which had been rejected by the people. And he proposed the boldest scheme ever advanced by an American statesman for achieving an immediate transfer of power.

In 1916, the critical year before the entry of the United States into the First World War, Wilson, wishing to avoid an interregnum of uncertainty and drift—in the event of defeat, which did not come—seriously considered turning the government over to Charles Evans Hughes, his opponent in the election.

What Wilson proposed to do was to ask his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, to resign so that he could appoint Hughes in his place. Then Wilson and his Vice-President, Thomas R. Marshall, were to have resigned, thus making Hughes President a few days after his election.

Since 1947, when Congress enacted a new law putting the Speaker of the House ahead of the Secretary of State in the line of succession in the event of the death or resignation of the President, this daring stratagem could not have been executed. But in Wilson's time it could have been, given the consent of all the principals.

In Wilson's time, the interim between the election and the inauguration was four months. With war raging in Europe and American shipping being sunk by German submarines, Wilson foresaw the possibility of American involvement and shrank from the prospect, in the event of defeat, of having to continue the direction of foreign policy without the backing of the nation.

After a discussion with Colonel Edward M. House, his close friend and adviser, Wilson outlined a plan for turning over the reins to Hughes without delay.

In a letter to Secretary Lansing, written two days before the election, Wilson said:

"Again and again, the question has arisen in my mind, what would it be my duty to do were Hughes to be elected? Four months would elapse before he could take charge of the affairs of the government, and during those four months I would be without such moral backing from the nation as would be necessary to steady and control our relations with other governments.

"I would be known to be the rejected, not the accredited, spokesman of the country; and yet the accredited spokesman would be without legal authority to speak for the nation. Such a situation would be fraught with the gravest dangers. The direction of the foreign policy of the government would in effect have been taken out of my hands and yet its new definition would be impossible until March."

Wilson concluded that it would be his duty to "relieve the country of the perils of such a situation at once," a he informed Lansing that, if he cou gain the consent of the individuals volved, he would join the Vice-preside in resigning and "thus open to M Hughes the immediate succession to t presidency."

Under a parliamentary system, su as Great Britain's, no waiting peri intervenes between the defeat of o government and the assumption power by the victor. The rapidity wi which the change of power takes pla was strikingly illustrated in 1945 wh the Big Three conference at Potsda opened with Prime Minister Winst Churchill and closed with Prime Mi ister Clement Attlee representing Gre Britain—an election having been he while the conference was in session which Churchill was turned out.

In his writings on government, Wilso

Bettmann Archive pho

Faced with a depression, Hoover and Roosevelt failed to co-operate

had long advocated some such r sponsible government for the Unite States as the Constitutional system a fords. He told Lansing that he co sidered his proposal to resign a feasib substitute for a constitutional system.

"The whole country has long pe ceived," he wrote, "without knowin how to remedy, the extreme disa vantage of having to live for fou months after an election under a part whose guidance had been rejected at th polls. Here is the remedy, at any ra so far as the Executive is concerned. I ordinary times it would perhaps not b necessary to apply it. But it seems t me that in the existing circumstances would be imperatively necessary."

Four years later, after the war ha been won, Wilson must have decide that the crisis had passed, for he rejecte a suggestion by William Jennings Brya that he resurrect the 1916 plan and re sign to permit Warren G. Harding t take office immediately after the ele tion.

In proposing his plan, Wilson ha been influenced by his recollection c

JOHN C. O'BRIEN, a contributing editor of *The Sign*, has for many years been a top-flight Washington correspondent. He has written for many newspapers and magazines.

he failure of President James Buchanan o win the co-operation of Abraham Lincoln, who had been elected in the November balloting in 1860, in check- ng the uprising in the Southern states.

The interval between Lincoln's elec- ion and his inauguration was cer- ainly one of the most critical in the history of the country. Before Inaugura- ion Day, March 4, 1861, seven states, which had warned before the election hat they would not submit to Lincoln, eceded. Many forts, arsenals, and other ederal property in the South were seized.

There were fears that force might be used to prevent Lincoln from tak- ng office. To foil a plot to take his ife, Lincoln was virtually smuggled nto Washington for his inauguration y Pinkerton detectives. Feeling ran so igh that the *New York Herald* advised he President-elect to surrender his laims "to some national man who would be acceptable to both sections."

Despite this menacing situation, no ffort seems to have been made to es- ablish co-operation between the out- oing and incoming presidents. Bu- hanan showed no disposition to take ny positive action, and Lincoln turned deaf ear to entreaties that he issue statement on the course he would fol- ow in dealing with the crisis that had risen. In letters to friends, Lincoln ex- lained that his reason for maintaining ilence was that his views already had been made known during the campaign. ny additional statement, he wrote in ne of his letters, "would make me ap- ear as if I repented for the crime of aving been elected and was anxious o apologize and beg for forgiveness."

Although Lincoln did not seek Bu- hanan's co-operation in joint action to heck the drift toward war, he did keep n touch with General Winfield Scott, he commander of the army. In Decem- er, 1860, he sent word to Scott through n Illinois Congressman that he would e "obliged to him to be as well pre- ared as he can, to either hold or re- ake the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration." Scott replied that the President-elect could "rely on his utmost service both before and after the approaching inaugura- tion."

But Buchanan did virtually nothing. He took a position contrary to Lin- coln's, that the Federal Government had no right to use force to stop the South- ern states from seceding.

Equally futile were efforts initiated by President Herbert Hoover, after the election of 1932, to enlist the aid of the President-elect, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in heading off the impending economic and financial collapse which led to the great depression. Roosevelt conferred several times with Hoover, but these consultations failed to produce any joint action, chiefly because the principals could not agree upon a method of es- tablishing a working relationship.

Alarmed by the crashing of one bank after another, Hoover begged Roose- velt to "give prompt assurance that there will be no tampering or inflation of the currency; that the budget will be unquestionably balanced, even if further taxation is necessary; that the government credit will be maintained by refusal to exhaust it in the issue of securities." Roosevelt refused, with the explanation that he felt the bank- ing troubles were "so very deep-seated that the fire is bound to spread in spite of anything that is done by way of mere statements."

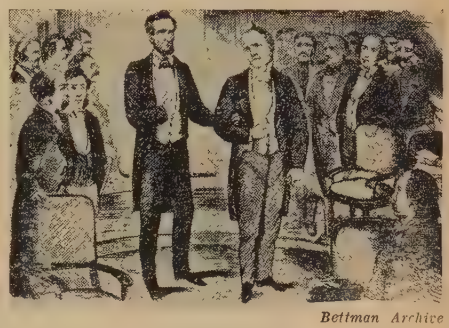
Hoover admitted privately that if Roosevelt had complied with his wishes he would have ratified in effect the whole major program of the outgoing administration. But he never changed his opinion that Roosevelt's refusal to co-operate brought the banking crisis to a head. His latest affirmation of this view is contained in the recently pub- lished third volume of his memoirs.

In one of his letters to Hoover, Roose- velt put his finger on the capital diffi- culty in establishing a working arrange- ment between an outgoing and an in- coming administration when they are in sharp disagreement on government policies.

"I think you will recognize that it would be unwise for me," he wrote, "to accept an apparent joint responsibility with you when, as a matter of Constitu- tional fact, I would be wholly lacking in any attendant authority."

This is substantially the position that Mr. Eisenhower took when he agreed to meet with President Truman. As a result, the Eisenhower-Truman consul- tations led to little more than an ar- rangement for briefing the incoming President and his chief assistants on government policies currently in force and the state of the government's finances.

As the law now stands, there seems to be little chance that efforts to solve the problem of the lame-duck president in the future will be more fruitful of re-



Bettman Archive

Lincoln and Buchanan at the former's inauguration, March 4, 1861

sults than efforts in the past. Congress seems to feel that the term of the presi- dent must run beyond the date for the opening of the newly elected Congress —January 3—in order to guard against the possibility of an indecisive popular election that would require choice of a president and a vice-president by the House and the Senate.

It would be possible to get around this difficulty by changing the term of Congress so that it would begin a few days after the November election and by changing the term of the president so that it would begin a few days later in the same month. The objection might be raised that this would leave the in- coming president little time to prepare his messages to Congress on the state of the union, the budget, and the economic state of the nation. But this is not a serious objection because there is no law requiring that the messages be submit- ted in the first couple of weeks of a Congressional session.

The present system, however, is so embedded in custom that it would take an extraordinary disaster to move Con- gress to change it. Such a disaster could be an administrative act by an outgoing President during the change-over in- terim that would outrage the voters who had rejected him.

Inside Job

▶ *This Week* told the story of a modest little fellow with a heavy foreign accent who attended a party, where he was introduced as "Mr. Von-Some-thing-or-other from the UN."

Immediately the guests knotted around him, asking what the Russian delegate was like, and what would be done about Palestine. The UN gentleman seemed to be pretty flustered.

Taking him aside later, one of the guests asked: "By the way, just what do you do at the United Nations?"

"Blease," he replied, with a worried expression, "I vork on the air-conditioning system."

such bright Ideas

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH BILLANTI

THAT Monday when young Bill Sanders was to leave by the Chicago train for the West, Marcia Dale reminded me of a cat about to taste a large saucer of somewhat sour cream. In saying this I hasten to apologize to all cats.

Bill had come to the Dingate Advertising Agency, which Marcia decorated in her own inimitable way, to try his hand at our game. He was an inexperienced, likable kid from a prairie town, and he was hoping to send word to his wife, Ellie, to join him, but holding off until he was sure he was established. We could have told Bill he wasn't cut out for our business. We could have told him he'd be wise to take his father-in-law's offer of helping run his small-town newspaper out west. To that we might have added a warning to keep a wary eye out for Marcia.

In Marcia's book it was open season for any happily married male temporarily detached, especially if he was young and good-looking and naïve like Bill.

Old Dingate—C.W. to us—set her to tutor the youngster. I suspected Marcia of engineering that, too, but C.W. brushed our careful hints aside with a wave of his hand.

"She has such bright ideas," he said.

If Marcia soon had young Bill going around in a kind of haze, don't blame him too much; not without knowing Marcia. He would have resented any suggestion that he wasn't being quite loyal to Ellie; didn't he even show Marcia pictures of her? But we were all uneasy for the kid and relieved when word came that Bill's father-in-law had been taken ill, that there would be a long convalescence, and Bill was badly needed to help on the paper. By then, I think Bill knew it was best anyhow.

Ellie's father insisted she could leave him long enough to come east and have a week-end with Bill, helping him pack up; and it speaks well for Bill's heart, if not for his head, that he was so excited about her coming he forgot everything else.

"Look, Bill," I said, "I don't want to poke my fool nose into your affairs, but does Ellie know anything about Marcia?"

"Why—no," he said.

"Maybe," I hinted, "it'd be just as well if those two gals didn't meet."

Bill flushed. He said he guessed he'd made a bit of an ass of himself.

"You're not the first," I comforted him.

"It was just one of those things," he said.

"Yeah," I nodded.

"You know," Bill said, "it's pretty wonderful, Ellie coming like this, and believe it or not, Monday's our first anniversary. It'll be like, well, like setting out on a second honeymoon. And we'll be making a few stops on the way." Like the kid that he was, he had to haul out and brandish his transportation. "There you are," he said. "We take the Chicago train."

How much of this Marcia heard, I'm not sure; but we turned to find her standing regarding us both with her Mona Lisa smile. Then deftly she reached and took the reservations from his hand.

"But, darling," she drawled, "not two lowers? Car 306; lowers 3 and 5. How unromantic! Surely you could have got a drawingroom or a compartment."

Bill reddened and Marcia, handing back the tickets, departed with a smile on her face I didn't like.

Yet when, on the Friday night, we all said good-by to Bill she was so casual and cheerful about it, even I was disarmed—until Monday.

Monday, Joe Gillis came out from C.W.'s office and got me aside.

"Look worried, brother," he said. "Register distress. Who d'ye suppose is going to Chicago tonight?"

I was appalled. "Not Marcia!"

"On business, she says. I suppose it's no good talking to C.W."

"About her?" I said. "Who else can make C.W. think he's still young and rather terrific?"

I tackled Marcia myself. Why Chicago, and so suddenly, I put it to her. Marcia smiled. Her slender fingers held out a telegram for my inspection.

Mr. Beeter, of Beeter & Snead, urgently begged C.W. to send Miss Dale to confer with them in Chicago Tuesday afternoon at latest.

I said, "I'll bet a month's salary you wired Beeter privately to send that."

Marcia's shoulders performed a pretty shrug; she lit a cigarette and directed the smoke at me.

"I'd like to know," I said, "just what kind of snake-in-Eden subtleties, or unsubtleties, you plan."

"It could be amusing," Marcia said, through a fog of smoke.

"You always have such bright ideas," I said. "Well, I hope your taxi is run down by a fire truck and only your driver's life is spared. I hope you are found in the gutter with heavy rain carrying your mascara down the nearest sewer."

Marcia beamed.

"You always think up such happy things," she purred.

I might have known she'd exact payment; and midafternoon C.W. sent for me.

"Tonight," he said, harrumphing a little to show this was all strictly business, "Miss Dale is leaving for Chicago."

"The meat packers will be pleased," I said.

He gave me a quick look and snapped, "She is going to confer on a matter of importance with Mr. Beeter,

Marcia was a clever girl who was going places, but she didn't plan on making the trip alone

In Marcia's book, it was open season for any happily married male temporarily detached

by **Leslie Gordon Barnard**

YOU SAID IT, MR. SHAKESPEARE

Compiled by DOYLE HENNESSY

(The Bard must have foreseen Stalin's Russia)

The rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros . . .
Macbeth, Act III Sc. 4

That seeks to overthrow religion.
Henry VI, Part 1, Act I Sc. 1

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
Romeo & Juliet, Act V Sc. 1

Here's a villain! Has a book in his pocket with red letters on it.
Henry VI, Act IV Sc. 2

Smiles in such a sort, as if he mocked himself.
Julius Caesar, Act I Sc. 2

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Love's Labour Lost, Act V Sc. 2

I am reckless what I do to spite the world.
Macbeth, Act III Sc. 1

I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Macbeth, Act I Sc. 7

Man is not able to invent anything . . . more than I invent.
Henry IV, Part 2, Act I Sc. 2

We teach but bloody insurrections.
Macbeth, Act I Sc. 7

Waving our red weapons o'er our heads . . .
Julius Caesar, Act III Sc. 1

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macbeth, Act IV Sc. 3

Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?
Twelfth Night, Act I Sc. 3

Shall I draw the curtain? No, not these twenty years . . . That shows the ignorant a kind of fear before not dreamt of.
Henry IV, Part 1, Act IV Sc. 1

And slaves they are to me that send them flying.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III Sc. 1

of Beeter & Snead. I want you to call and take her to the station. She suggested you would be happy to do that."

"Yes, Mr. Wingate."

He stared at me thoughtfully. "I don't quite understand her insistence in this matter, but she usually knows what she is doing."

"She does," I agreed, grimly.

This, I knew, was Marcia's revenge. I thought of a score of things that might happen to my car, but a promise to C.W. is a promise.

"So nice of you to call for me, darling." Marcia greeted me. She added: "And don't grind your teeth, or are they all paid for? These are to go."

I glanced at the bags and hatboxes that Marcia seemed to think necessary for a short business trip.

"Well," I said, "all aboard for the Chicago Exhibition," and staggered to the car, flirting meanwhile with possibilities of arson, murder, and mayhem—preferably mayhem.

In perfumed isolation in the back seat, Marcia hummed a gay little tune. I took all the corners on two wheels, but she only leaned like a lovely reed in a gale and finally said sweetly, "Have you ever thought of taking lessons? You know, I had an uncle who drove like that. He was elderly, too."

At the station, a redcap took over, and Marcia dismissed me with, "Goodby, darling. This was ever so thoughtful of you."

I said, "C.W. would never forgive me if I didn't see you safely on board."

"You'll probably get a parking ticket."

"Let that be my distress," I said. "Chicago train," I told the redcap.

"They'll want to see your transportation, darling," Marcia pointed out.

'You forget I ski at Hillside," I waved a book of tickets at her.

"Which car, Miss?" The redcap's voice was reverent, in the service of beauty.

"306," Marcia told him.

"Oh, no," I protested.

"Upper 8," Marcia said.

"I hope," I said, "you roll out of it. On a sharp curve. Going down a steep grade."

"I shall get a lower on the train."

She would. If anybody did without a lower on car 306 that night it wouldn't be Marcia; a point on which the porter instantly agreed when she appealed to him. His Adam's apple bobbled, and his eyes blinked under the warmth of her smile. He would do anything he could. He would speak with the conductor. Something would be arranged.

I saw, whether with relief or otherwise, that Bill and Ellie Sanders hadn't arrived yet. I helped stow Marcia's stuff.

"That will be all, thank you," she said.

I sat resolutely down. In some way yet dim to me, I hoped I might ease the shock for Bill when he and Ellie showed up.

"Darling," Marcia said, "if you don't go I shall call the porter. If necessary, the conductor. I shall complain that you are annoying me." I knew she would, too, with every male within earshot ready to take her part. "Are you going?" she hissed.

I got up, thinking I could intercept Bill as he came and warn him; but Marcia alighted with me, taking my arm firmly.

"Shall we walk up and down, darling?" she said. "There's still a few minutes."

Her eyes were busy, watching for them. I willed them to miss the train, but it was a feeble effort. I had a hunch—and it was a good one—they were in the station already.

"Conductor's just coming," the porter said to Marcia, "he'll fix you up."

"Yes," the conductor said, "I can give you lower 3 or 5."

I DIDN'T get it until I heard Marcia faintly repeating the numbers.

"Young couple had 'em," the conductor explained, "before you came along, but they managed to get a compartment on that other section. It pulls out just ahead of us. That's it leaving now." It was. On the next track. Slowly. So slowly we even were granted a sight of the two of them. They didn't see us. Bill and Ellie Sanders were too busy with themselves.

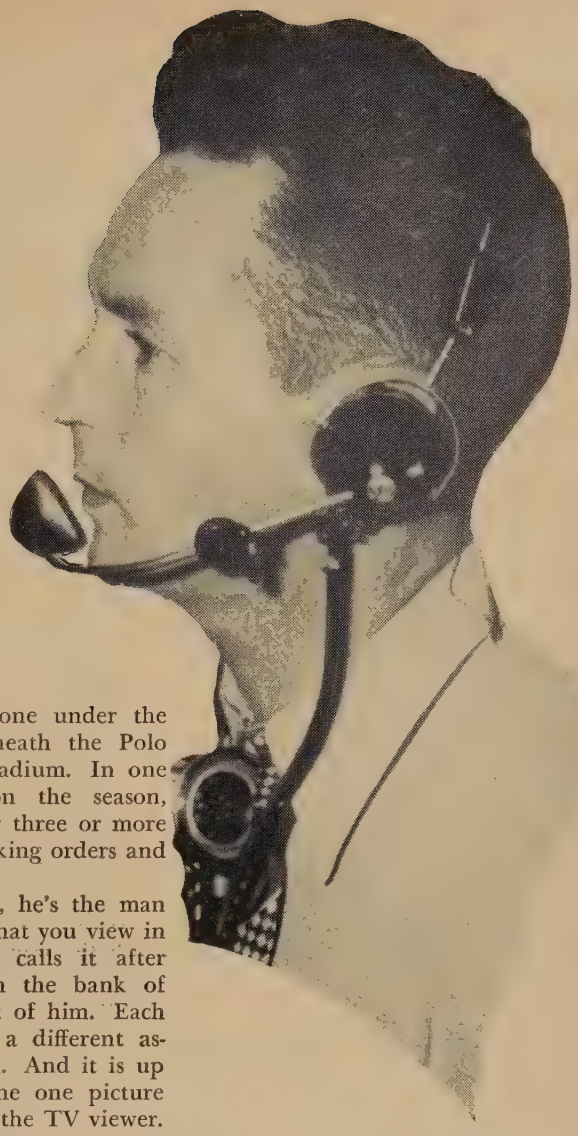
I turned to Marcia. I smiled.

"For this," I said softly, "it was worth the bother of being born. And how nice—you even have a choice of lowers. Give my condolences to Mr. Beeter when you see him. And to Mrs. Beeter. That compartment idea was all your own, too," I reminded Marcia. "You always have such bright ideas, darling," I said.

TV's Ace in the Hole

A thorough knowledge of and enthusiasm for his subject have made Jack Murphy one of the top sports directors in television

by ***ARTHUR F. LENEHAN***



Jack Murphy, sports director for television station WPIX

ON January 11, a boxer named Ernie Durando won a technical knockout over Rocky Castellani in the seventh round of a fight at Madison Square Garden. Castellani's manager, Tommy Ryan, became miffed at the decision. He jumped into the ring and began throwing punches at Ray Miller, the referee.

The television audience watching the fight didn't see the postmatch fisticuffs because the TV station had switched into a commercial. The commercial was on film and couldn't be stopped, so the camera couldn't get back to the highly interesting donnybrook in the ring. Quite a to-do followed. It wasn't the camerman's fault, but it was the kind of thing that would whiten the hair of the guy who directs cameramen on a sports show.

After viewing it, the sports director of another New York City TV station, Jack Murphy, of WPIX, wiped his brow and issued a fervent "Whoowee!"

His declaration carried with it all the meaning of that well-known saying, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Directing a sports show for TV is what Murphy calls an "ulcer job."

"If you don't have ulcers when you start, you get them," he says. "If you already have them, it isn't long before your ulcers have ulcers."

This new figure in sportsdom works in a tomb—a very specially equipped one, deep under the sports arena. "The Black Hole of Calcutta" is what the TV trade calls it. There's one under the Garden and others beneath the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium. In one of these, depending on the season, Murphy stands watching three or more monitor TV screens, barking orders and acting like a terrier.

During a sports show, he's the man who selects the picture that you view in your living room. He calls it after he has selected it from the bank of monitor screens in front of him. Each of these screens carries a different aspect of what is going on. And it is up to Murphy to choose the one picture that would most interest the TV viewer. Besides baseball, he has called the shots in football, basketball, wrestling, boxing, lacrosse, swimming, the horse show and the dog show at the Garden, and even women's softball.

Jack is the viewer's "quarterback."

When he yells from the depths of his dungeon, "Take 1!," an assistant pushes a button and the view on monitor screen No. 1 goes out over the air.

Camera No. 1 might at that moment be following a halfback racing across the goal line with the game-winning touchdown.

Camera No. 2 might have a closeup of the winning team's coach punching a hole through his hat for sheer joy. If Murphy is his usual efficient self, he'll call "Take 2!" and give the audience the benefit of that shot.

An intercom system connects him with cameramen in the sports arena and he shouts directions at them, also.

At times, especially in hockey games, movement is so fast and action pictures so excellent, Murphy's orders cascade out of his mouth. "Take 1! . . . Lead the puck down ice faster! . . . Now, 2—take 2! . . . Get back on Bill Cook, he's about to pop a blood vessel! . . . Number 2! . . . Stay six or eight feet ahead of those passes!"

It is confusing to stand in the half-light and watch Murphy work, but the over-all effect is like a big-budget movie. Jack is recognized as one of the best sports directors in the business. The fact that he has been at his trade longer than any other sports director has something to do with it. But aside from that, as sportswriter Jimmy Powers once wrote, "He has a definite feel for each sport and knows how to blend those pictures."

Jack's trademark is evidenced by the little touches—the shots that add color and interest to a telecast.

One Murphy "color" idea that worked out like a pleasant dream was the invasion of his cameras and mikes into the locker room of the late Long Island University basketball team. It was during the intermission of a game with Duquesne at Madison Square Garden.

ARTHUR F. LENEHAN, staff writer for the *Herald-News* (Passaic, N. J.), obtained his B.S. degree from St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J. He has written articles for *Liberty* and for many trade publications.

The ten-minute session came as a complete surprise to the TV audience, who were probably resigned to being badgered into buying cigarettes, beer, and other things. As far as is known, it was the first time anything like it had been done.

When the dressing room scene opened, TV viewers saw the players seated on benches in a semicircle around their coach, Clair Bee. They chewed oranges while Bee riffled through some papers containing the tabulation of the individual scoring for the evening. For what seemed an awfully long time, no one said a word. (Murphy later found out that Bee always insisted on a full minute of silence to give his lads a chance to get unwound.)

Then Bee, with little regard for the presence of the telecasting equipment and with a complete absence of dramatics, complimented his boys on their play. He told them how many points each had scored. He cautioned one of the players against losing his temper (the man had almost gotten into a fist-fight minutes before).

He warned the players that Duquesne would probably play unusually aggressive ball during the second half to narrow the point margin—LIU was leading by 27 points. He followed these remarks with a detailed blackboard lecture, and his parting shot was, "Anyone who has to go to the bathroom, better go now."

Nobody seems to know whether or not the Duquesne team had a television receiver in their dressing room. If they did, it didn't do them any good. They dropped the game by a score of 84-52.

During a Ranger-Black Hawks hockey game last year, Chuck Rayner, Ranger goalie, was replaced on the ice by an extra forward during the last few minutes of the game. In a wink Murphy yelled, "Take 1." The view flipped to the cage, standing untended, like an open invitation.

"Good color shot," Murphy explained. "If I didn't show that empty cage, I'd be crazy."

The WPIX director has a reputation as one of the top authorities on baseball players' mannerisms and superstitions. He was the first TV camera director to go into spring training with a big league club. Jack flew to Phoenix, studied the Giants, met the old and new players, and learned their playing styles and traits. The knowledge has come in handy.

Leo Durocher, for instance, always scuffs out the chalk lines that form the third base coach's box. One time a camera caught Tony Cuccinello, coach of the Cincinnati Reds, scuffing out the lines before Durocher got there. That was a jaw-dropper for Leo. When he took his post in the second half of the first inning, he discovered his lines gone. Dismayed, he went ahead and scuffed anyway—while the TV audience looked on.

Murphy likes to acquaint the fans with the way Jackie Robinson pats his hips with his finger tips while waiting for the pitch or how Harry (The Hat) Walker used to twist his cap peak.

"We've gotten shots of players idly scratching their ears, spitting on their hands and beefing to the umps," he says. "That's what makes televised baseball better than radio baseball. Those shots help it all look real."

Jack disclaims any personal glory when people praise his work.

"It's a team job," he says. "A director is only one part of a telecast. This is particularly true in sports shows. They don't have a cue sheet or a script. The director has to call the camera shots as he sees them, but without a topflight crew of cameramen and technicians he could be a genius and turn in a miserable show."

MURPHY might be a bit modest. A tremendous number of people think so.

One of them wrote him a letter last year, the morning after Bobby Thomson's homer won the final playoff game and the National league pennant for the Giants. The letter said, in part: "How you had the presence of mind to follow the home run ball, I'll never know. Everyone else was having hysterics."

That same day, Jimmy Powers underlined the team play involved in sports telecasting when he described that memorable event thus:

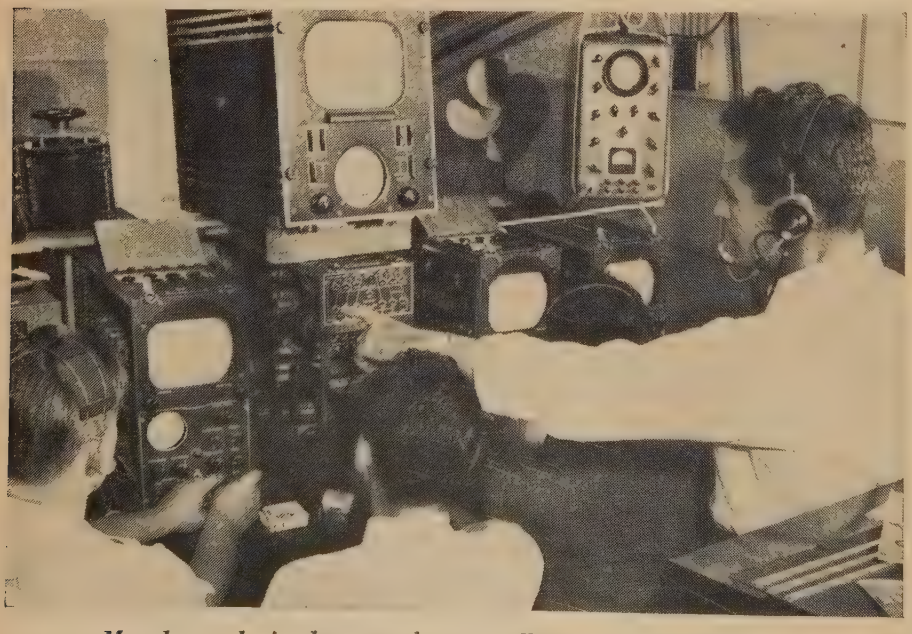
"In the WPIX control room the game was in sharp focus all the time. The photography was excellent. You could see the first pitch, a white string, whizz past Thomson's chest on the inside corner. Then the second pitch, slower, right down the groove. Thomson swung. In a fraction of a second the alert director, Jack Murphy, picked up another camera. This one caught the ball floating toward left field. The camera followed it carefully down into the seats. That was the ball game. That was the climactic action picture after 157 games of a great championship schedule.

"Millions of fans saw the pennant won. They saw the jubilation, the back slappings, the ear-to-ear grins because huge lenses were bringing it to them. These lenses were far more powerful than the naked eye. So WPIX, with its alert crew feeding millions of fans from the Empire State tower to California, did an excellent job and a historic one. You could just sense one giant electric shock paralyzing the nation as Branca's arm flashed and Thomson's bat swung in a swift arc."

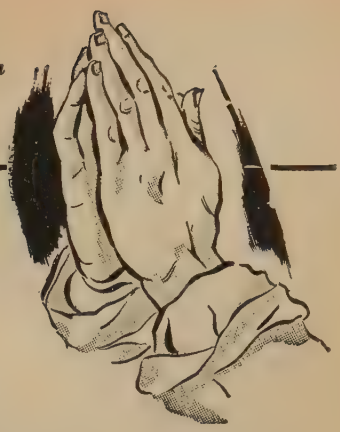
Murphy has been a sports enthusiast all his life.

He has confessed to doodling—diagramming football plays and the like—in classes at Fordham, where he started, and St. Peter's, where he finished.

The Jesuits will be interested to know that, even though he didn't absorb all that was offered in the way of knowledge, he did learn to think—and think fast. What more can a Jesuit ask of a student?



Murphy works in the control room calling the shots that appear on the viewers' screens and directing the work of the camermen



The Visit to St. Elizabeth

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

"And the angel said to her . . . 'Elizabeth thy kinswoman also has conceived a son in her old age, and she who was called barren is now in her sixth month; for nothing shall be impossible with God.' . . .

"Mary arose and went with haste into the hill country, to a town of Juda. And she entered the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth. . . .

"And Mary remained with her about three months and returned to her own house." (Luke 1 : 26-56)

IN the first Mystery, we thought of the humility of Mary as shown in her quiet acceptance of the immensities of her destiny. Now, immediately afterward, the same humility is revealed anew in the way she passes from those immensities to the humble obligations of human love and kinship.

Her cousin will need her, and so, "rising up," she goes to her. She goes "with haste." The Greek word implies the loving eagerness with which you hurry to meet those you love. It is a long journey, through hill country, but she makes nothing of it. She goes with haste. You think of the lover in the *Song of Songs*, "leaping over the hills." There is a freshness of dawn about this story. It is springtime again in the world, for Life has come back to it.

Mary's concern for her cousin is measured by her devotion to God's will, for the more you love God the more you love men. But her joy, too, the joy which fills this scene, is measured by that same devotion. For the more you love God, the more you remain young in heart.

Life has come back to the world. And so again there is hope, there is joy. Life has come back to the world, and so again it is possible to wonder and rejoice at the beauty of the earth and its fullness. And as the cousins meet and Mary sings her song of triumph, it is of hope and joy and wonder that she sings.

She was a girl when she sang it; but she could have sung it—and perhaps she did—all her life long. For she is the Maiden-Mother, and while, as the years went by, she acquired the deep wisdom and experience of a mother, she retained also the qualities of mind and heart of a girl.

With us, on the other hand, the years tend to take their toll of mind and heart just as much as of body. We become set in fixed habits of thought, of prejudice; impervious to new ideas and hardened, unapproachable, unsympathetic, in heart. So joy leaves us and the faculty of wonder dies in us. For we have turned away from life and from Life.

"My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." We are to rejoice in leaf and flower, in bird and beast, in human love and beauty, in the glories of human art. But only if that joy is part of the greater joy that Mary sings.

And the primary object of our joy is to be not just God, but God our Saviour. We can wonder at the beauty of creation only because we can wonder at God's mercy. To keep alive and vivid within us our joy, our faculty of wonder, our youth of heart, we must pray the prayer of wonder. But it must be praise of the glory of the Saviour, a praise therefore in which are mingled sorrow, humility, gratitude, hope.

But with the love and praise of the Redeemer must go the love of the world He has redeemed. Just as you have to fight against the staleness, the utilitarianism, which blind you to the beauty and mystery of things, so you have to fight against the selfishness, the self-centeredness, which kill in you the ability to be really and deeply interested in other people.

Mary went with haste, with eagerness. This is the hallmark of charity. Not a bored, reluctant, grudging acceptance of a social duty to be got through as briefly as possible, but an eager, humble desire to do what we can to help the rest of God's children. And if charity is strong enough in us, the task will bring us joy, even though it be arduous, even though the road be rough and hilly. We shall turn it into a *magnificat* of praise.

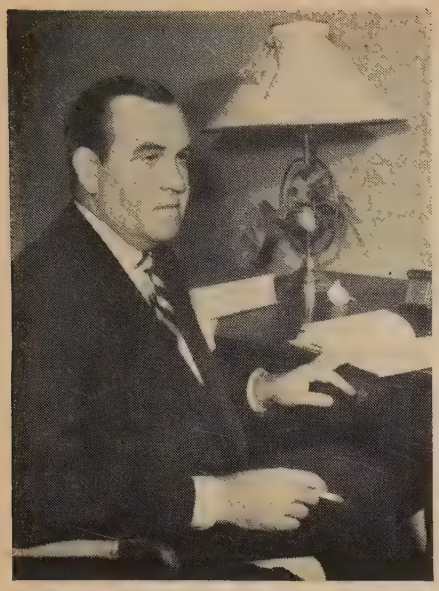
When we think of this visit, then, we might well think over our own social life and its duties, our social sins and omissions. Are we eager to help others, especially those near to us? Or are we reluctant, even perhaps when help is asked? And when we speak, do our words make a song of praise? Or are they a destructive thing, wounding, harming others, creating not joy and love, but pain?

And if we fail here, is it not because we have forgotten how to praise God? For just as it is idle to praise God with our lips if at the same time we fail to praise Him through loving our fellow men, so also it is idle to pretend we are helping men if that help is not the expression of the love of God.

NOTHING is more depressing than that sort of godless social service which is an act either of an impersonal, inhuman bureaucracy or of an arrogant condescension. "How have I deserved," Elizabeth cries, "to be visited by the mother of my Lord?" But there is no condescension in Mary's heart. For again it is her humility which makes her see that when we try to help others it must be as one begging to be allowed to share with Christ in sharing their sorrows and troubles.

Only so will the help be an act of charity and a song of praise. Only so will it bring with it something of Mary's joy and wonder and eternal youth of heart.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the third of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.



Mr. Tracy, proof of his own theory

ALCOHOLISM—Disease or Vice?

This evil kills more Americans than war and traffic accidents. There are four million alcoholics in America. Heavy drinkers know they have a vice, not a disease

by MILTON LOMASK

IN the summer of 1951, Vincent Thomas Tracy—ex-law-school graduate, ex-department-store executive, and ex-bowery bum—purchased 156 acres in the Helderberg Mountains south of Albany, N. Y., furnished and landscaped the large modern house near the highway, and renovated the 150-year-old farmhouse on the slope above it. Today, Tracy Farms is the site of a successful and challenging development in the treatment of alcoholics.

Vincent Tracy's record is unique. In the last four years, first in an apartment in New York City and more recently at Tracy Farms, he has handled some 500 alcoholics. His estimate, issued with the caution that "in this business, you can't take statistics too seriously," is that 90 per cent of them are at present living sober and responsible lives.

Vincent's approach to abnormal drinking, an evil that probably kills more Americans than war and traffic accidents together, runs counter to the current popular theory.

That theory, of course, is that alcoholism is a disease. As to what kind, the doctors disagree. Some call it physical, some psychological, some a little of each. A recent book, based on the findings of an educational organization concerned with excessive drinking, goes so far as to say the issue is no longer controversial. Alcoholism, the authors say unreservedly, is a disease.

Alcoholism, says Vincent Tracy—unreservedly—is *not* a disease. Alcoholism is a vice.

"When you tell an excessive drinker he's sick," says Vincent, "you merely offer him one more crutch, one more excuse for taking that first drink.

"Some people," he continues, "seem to feel it helps a lush to say he's ill. I can't see how. Which, after all, is the easier thing for a man to do: get rid of a personal vice, or cure himself of a disease for which there is no dependable medical treatment and no known specific cure?

"There is no satisfactory evidence that alcoholism is a disease. Is it caused by a bug? No. Is it a metabolic deficiency of some sort? The only persons who credit that hypothesis are the few doctors who are working with it.

"Many people," Vincent goes on, "call excessive drinking a physical allergy. Since a physical allergy is always characterized by a low tolerance for something, these folks are saying an alcoholic is a person with such a low tolerance for alcohol he can't keep away from it—which is like saying a hay fever sufferer is a person with such a low tolerance for pollen that when August 15 rolls around he rushes into the country to gambol among the ragweed!"

It will be a happy day for America's four million alcoholics, Vince believes, "when a handful of authorities stop trying to make a big, mysterious Frankenstein out of this drinking business. When a pro comes to me—and by a pro I mean a 'professional' drinker, a person who for a long time has been drinking beyond the bounds of reason—when a person like that says, 'Vince, what can you do for me?', all I can say is, 'My friend, what do you want to do for yourself?' It's as simple as that."

Simple? I spent a week at Tracy Farms last summer, watching Vince's "simple" methods in action. Life is informal at Tracy Farms. There is no "stench," as Vince puts it, of institutionalism. In the words of a patient—or, to use the term everyone at the Farm unaffectedly employs in the words of a guest, "We're on the honor system here." Every morning Vince gives a short talk. All through the day, and often through the night, he confers with individual guests. At mealtimes there is good talk and good laughter.

A frequent visitor to the Farm is Vincent's brother, Father John Tracy, assistant pastor of Our Lady of Mercy in Albany. The sympathy, understanding, and spiritual insight Father Tracy has brought to Vincent's work would make a story in themselves. Another frequent visitor is Dr. Sydney Mohler, Vince's personal physician, whose kindness does not stop with his duties as a physician.

Big, loose-moving, 42-year-old Vincent Tracy is well qualified for his job. He was a "professional drinker" twenty-three years, during which he was hospitalized for alcoholism twenty-six times. "I was always a hard drinker," he recalls. He drank hard as a college undergratuate. He drank hard in the law school where he took his LL.B.

VINCE didn't study law to become a lawyer, but to prepare for a business career. In that he was promptly successful. Beginning as a section manager in a large Fifth Avenue department store, he rose rapidly to assistant to the president. "It was in that elevated position," he says, "that I hit my stride. I had to wine and dine a lot of people, and believe me, Brother, while they dined, I wined."

Soon Vincent wined himself into

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

uble. He remembers the day he lked through half a block of wet nent without knowing it. He remem-s the day he forgot an important ch engagement. He remembers the he resigned his position "partly for convenience of the store, and partly devote full time to my real vocation ooze."

After that, Vince hit the wet sawdust il—down. Down from the gilded nts of New York's east fifties, to ird Avenue, and finally to the Bow-, where for fifteen months Vincent acy lived by his wits.

"Then one Fall evening," he says, "I pped into a Bowery joint with my ual thirst and sixty hard-panhandled nts in my pocket. I ordered a beer, t for some reason I didn't drink it. tead I thought to myself, 'What am doing in this place? What am I doing the face of this earth?' I went out-e and walked. I walked all night. As walked, I said the Lord's Prayer, over d over. For the first time—and mind I was brought up in Catholic ools—for the first time, I paid some ention to what that prayer means.

" 'Thy will be done!' That's what I s on earth for. I had done a lot of nking because my stinking ego told I ought to be president of the uni-se instead of just one of the crowd. w it came to me that being presi-nt of the universe or one of the wd, either way, didn't matter. As g as I was doing God's will. I was ing all that was expected of anyone.

" 'Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*' When I was 'up' there on Fifth Avenue, I helped a lot of guys get on. When I got down and needed their help, some of them wouldn't even answer their telephones. This filled me with resentments. I had taken many a drink to drown those resentments. It had been a long time since I had bothered to forgive anyone his trespasses against me."

The day following his all-night walk, Vincent embarked on the long, hard return trip. He got a job stuffing newspapers at the *New York Times*. Pretty soon he was able to buy a decent suit and rent a room in a midtown New York hotel.

He was determined, first of all, to climb back to the point from which he had started down. There were disappointments. Good jobs would be dangled before him, then the prospective employer would learn of his record, and the job would vanish. When he was most discouraged, one friend from former days, a top retail executive, came to his assistance financially and morally. "I've got faith in you, Vince," he would say. "You'll make it."

Vince did. Eventually he became, once again, a high level executive in a nationally known retail company.

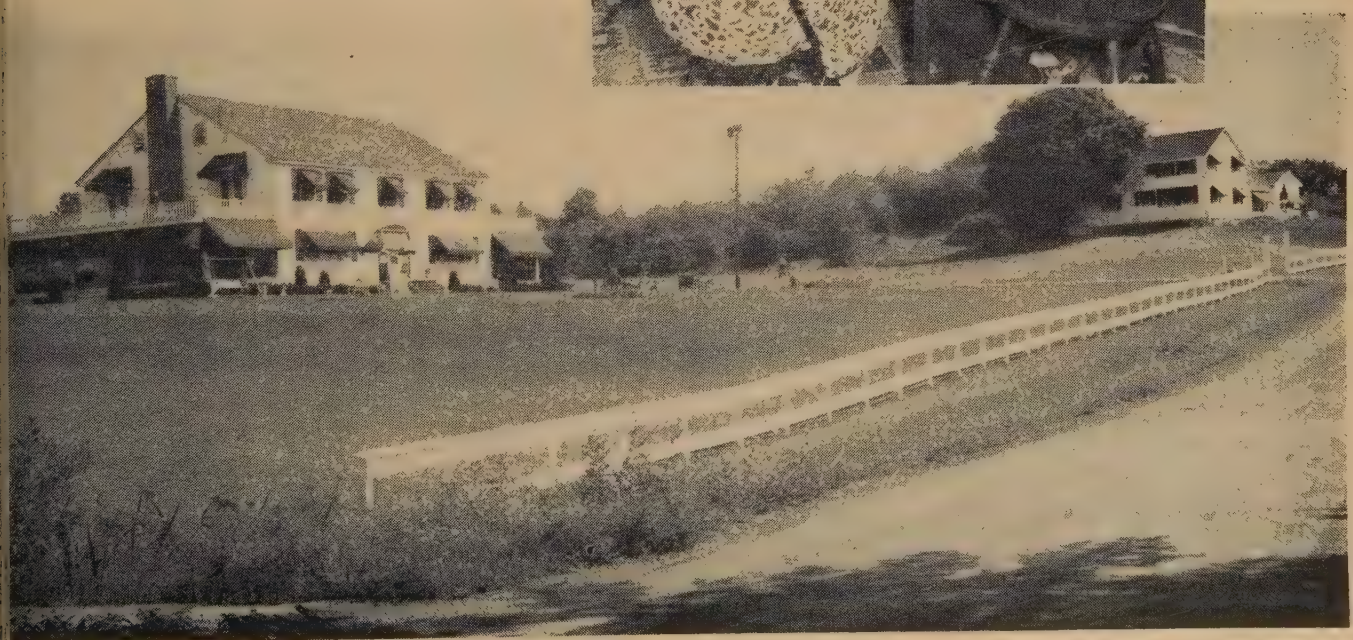
"Meanwhile," he says, "I was thinking over what I had learned about excessive drinking. I promised God that when I got my ideas into shape so I could pass them on to others, I'd devote my life to that."

WHEN that day came, Vince gave up his job, rented a nine-room apartment on Fifth Avenue near Central Park, and launched the business he now operates at Tracy Farms.

At the Farm, I listened to half a dozen of Vince's morning talks. Vince is no intellectual mugwump. He agrees with modern authorities that an excessive drinker should be treated with sympathy. "A man with a moral problem," he says, "needs as much—indeed more—sympathy than a man with a health problem. Christian charity covers that phase of things."

He agrees with those physicians who

Right: Author plays cards with Mr. Tracy. There is need for many more places like Tracy Farms (shown below)



say the alcoholic has a peculiar mental and emotional response to alcohol. "Of course, the excessive drinker is sick," says Vincent. "Overindulgence in anything makes you sick. The point is"—and this, of course, is the gist of his approach—*"the alcoholic doesn't drink because he's sick; he's sick because he drinks!"*

Vince gives his talks in the big, handsomely furnished living room of the main house. His argument begins and ends with God. "God," he tells his guests, "charged each of you with the stewardship of your soul, and to enable you to save that soul He equipped you with an intellect and a will.

"One function of your intellect is to tell you what is right and wrong. Your will can obey the intellect in these matters or disregard it as you, its master, see fit.

"It is true that once an excessive drinker takes that first drink, he is compelled to take the second and the third by reason of his peculiar mental response to alcohol.

"But nothing compels him to take that first drink. That is intentional. That is willed. And this is the point to remember: *What you will to do, you can will not to do!*

"The primary objective of every man," says Vincent, "is to save his soul. The man who recognizes and accepts that truth promptly sees that the factors on which he has blamed his drinking—nagging wife, boring job, insecure childhood etc.—are secondary. In the last analysis, they have no real bearing on his primary objective. The man who fully realizes this is not going to take that first drink. He is not going to put his soul in jeopardy."

As Vince talks, he shifts from one alert position to another, like a trained boxer in the ring. Having shown that the causes of alcoholism commonly thought to be primary are in truth only secondary and assumed, he goes on to the real primary cause.

EVERY excessive drinker, in Vince's opinion, is the end product of "a short chain of cause and effect." The first link in this chain is "wrong thinking," the assumption that *secondary* causes are *primary*.

Wrong thinking gives rise to "a bad state of mind." Let us say that both Jim and Bill are refused raises by their bosses. Jim is a straight thinker. He remembers that Our Lord died upon the cross, thus giving notice in an unforgettable—but often forgotten—way that this world is full of troubles. Jim accepts his little cross: he either continues in his job without complaint, or he hustles out and digs up one that pays better.

Bill is less mature in his reactions. He feels he has got a lousy break. The boss is a so and so. Everyone is a so and so. People are no good! Bill doesn't like these feelings, so he starts drinking. He doesn't like his drinking, so he wallows in remorse. Vince frequently underlines the difference between remorse and true contrition. Remorse is simply fear of what you are doing to yourself. It is another form of selfishness, another manifestation of "the stinking ego." True contrition—sorrow at having offended God—is another thing. True contrition prompts a man to penance. Remorse drives him to drink.

SOON Bill's bad habit becomes automatic. For any and every reason, he "reaches for one." His wife nags, he drinks to escape the irritation. She leaves him, he drinks to escape the sorrow, or more likely the fear of what the neighbors may be saying. She returns, he drinks to celebrate. Bill has covered the whole chain of cause and effect: From *wrong thinking* to *bad state of mind* to *bad habit* to *excessive drinking*.

What should he do about it?

• If we could only make our hands move as quickly as our tongues, what wonders we could accomplish.
—John Wanamaker

There are usually fourteen or fifteen guests at Tracy Farms. Each stays from three to five weeks or longer. During this period, he undertakes a process of guided self-treatment.

First, he faces the fact that he *is* an excessive drinker, a pro.

Second, he faces the fact that the primary cause of his drinking is his own wrong thinking, his lack of awareness that the cause of his drinking is not to be found in circumstances outside himself but in his failure to cope with those circumstances.

Next he endeavors to crowd out the bad state of mind arising from his wrong thinking by replacing it with the four virtues: charity, patience, tolerance and, above all, humility. He effects this change of values by learning to stress the things that should be stressed and to minimize the things he has been stressing.

Lastly, he tries to develop a will to salvation.

To help him do these things, he is urged to rely on prayer, particularly on the "Our Father" and the prayer of St. Francis beginning "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace." Catholics (about 60 per cent of Vincent's guests are Catholic) are urged to utilize the Sacraments.

Does it work?

The most convincing thing at Tracy Farms was the enthusiasm—the overwhelming enthusiasm—expressed by everyone, including the four servants. I had a chance to talk at length with eleven former guests. People who have been there once like to return for a visit.

None of these former guests had touched a drop since they first went to Vince. All were pros. All but one had made what alcoholics call "the sanitoria circuit." They had tried all the recognized and some of the unrecognized forms of therapy. All but one had been in and out of the country's many "dry cleaning establishments."

Vocationally they cut a wide swath. There was a policeman, or rather he was one till he was brought up on charges for drinking. There was a professional man, a scholar. There was a widowed mother of four young sons who took to the bottle when it came over her that her boys might soon leave her for the service.

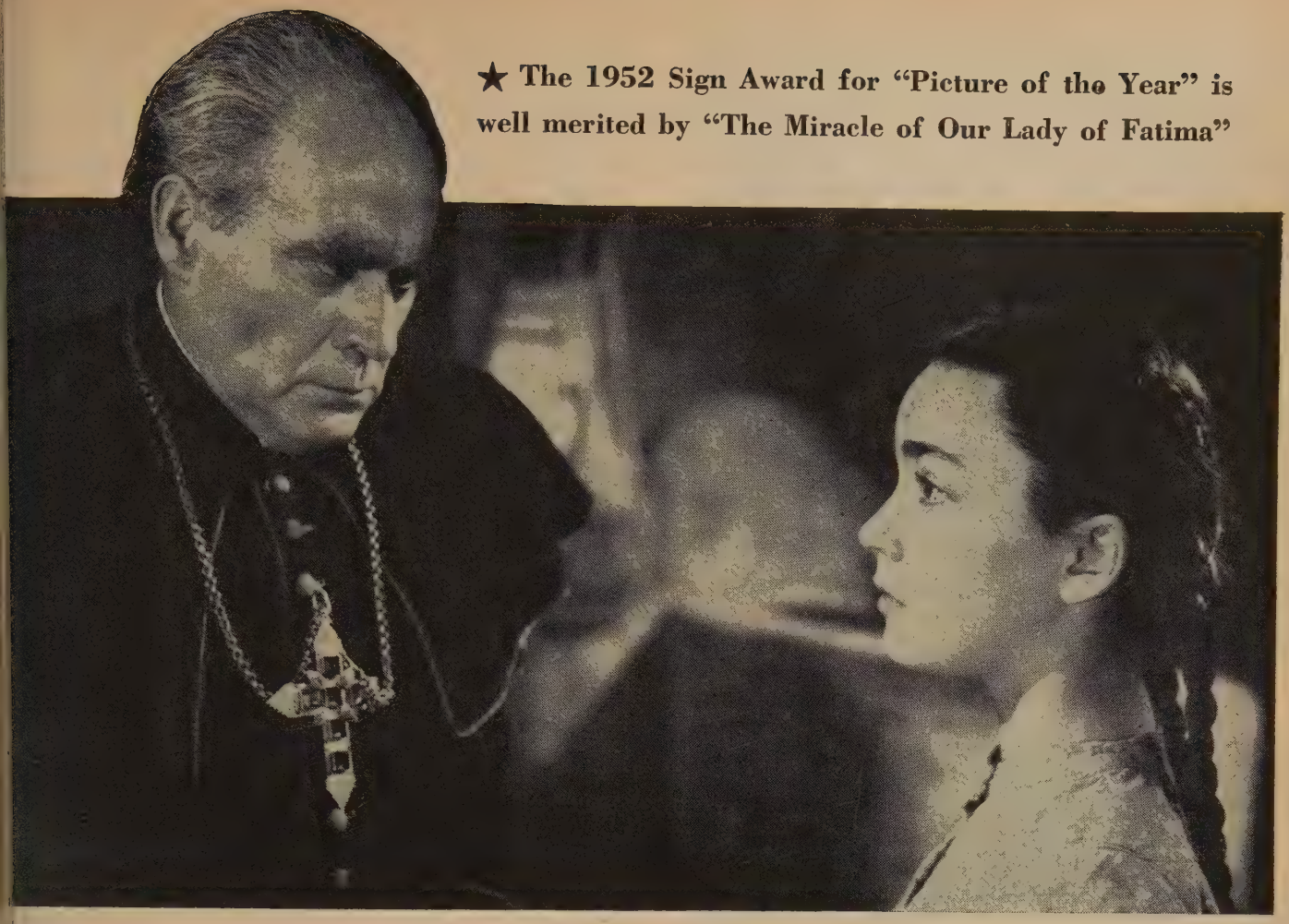
THERE was the union leader, who drank in the old days to feel like a big shot and who, when he came to Tracy Farms, thought Vincent was a phony—a conviction that persisted till the evening Vince quietly remarked, "The only reason you guzzle, my friend, is that you have a rotten bad character!"

There was the novelist who (unsurprisingly enough to a fellow writer) had been driven to the bottle by what Vince so ruthlessly terms "the stinking ego." There was the burly and fabulously successful salesman who in his tippling days suffered from the fantasy that he was being followed; at night, homing from a spree, he would walk backward through his own front door!

And in addition to the former guests, there was the interested priest who came to the Farm to see me. "Tell the folks," he said in effect, "that the country needs a hundred places like this—places that approach excessive drinking as a vice and not as a disease. Popular as the disease theory is, I believe that down in his heart every excessive drinker knows that it's just an excuse. What many of them don't know is that they *can* pull out of their misery—with God's help!"

"You see the core of this thing, don't you?" asked Vincent's brother, Father Tracy, as we sat on the lawn one afternoon, looking down the valley, bright with woodland aster and goldenrod. "The core of Vincent's approach is that the excessive drinker's drinking is *not* his problem. It is merely the *result* of his problem, which is *himself*."

★ **The 1952 Sign Award for "Picture of the Year" is well merited by "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima"**



The Bishop questions Lucia, one of the Fatima children, in this scene from the motion picture

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER

The Best of '52

onsidered from moral and artistic standpoints, 1952 belongs mly on the credit side of the Hollywood ledger. Though e industry has not used the slogan for the past two years, might well revive the idea that "movies are better than er." Certainly, there has been a considerable advance since e recent past when Hollywood was trying to convince the tion, and itself, that the slogan was true.

The annual report of the Bishops' Committee on Motion ctures is a heartening one for those who want to see the oduction of motion pictures on a more secure moral foot- g. Of the year's output, 45 per cent was rated suitable r the general audience and an additional 38 per cent con- ered satisfactory for adult moviegoers. While this is an vance, it still leaves room for improvement, particularly the industry's handling of themes relating to marriage d divorce. A sizable portion of the 17 per cent rated as partly objectionable stems from the astigmatic approach to this vital moral and national problem.

Artistically, Hollywood faced up to the threat of inflation, television, and audience apathy by releasing a number of eminently satisfying productions ranging from the reverently beautiful *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima* to the lush swordplay of *The Prisoner of Zenda,* from intelligent examination of the threat of treason in *My Son John* to the burning problems of a wistful Indian lad in *Navajo.*

During the year we found much to cheer about in the release of such outstanding movies as that rollicking bit of Gaelic fun, *The Quiet Man;* Leo McCarey's incisive study of the homegrown Communist threat, *My Son John;* the charm and whimsy of *Hans Christian Andersen;* Britain's magnificent scientific tract, *Breaking Through the Sound Barrier;* the musically brilliant, *Because You're Mine;* the sprawling beauty of *Bend of the River;* the unabashed clowning in *Where's Charley?;* and the reverent realism of Italy's *Never Take No for an Answer.*

Outstanding among the year's dramas was the reverent re-creation of the greatest story of our time, *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima.* Dramatically powerful, without ever sacrificing dignity, acted with simplicity and naturalness by a comparatively unknown cast, and prepared with sincerity and understanding, it proved to be the finest contribution that Hollywood made in 1952. To Warner Brothers, producer Byron Foy, director Crane Wilbur, and writer James

★ *Helen Hayes, Van Heflin, and Robert Walker in "My Son John," outstanding 1952 movie offering*

★ *O'Hara, McLaglen, Wayne, and Fitzgerald in "The Quiet Man," which also merits high commendation*

O'Hanlon goes **THE SIGN MOTION PICTURE AWARD** for outstanding achievement and a unique contribution to a wider understanding of the Fatima message.

Reviews in Brief

BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER is a tense and very timely study of supersonic jets and the pilots who risk their lives in them. Produced in England with stunning effect and rare skill, this is one of 1952's outstanding movie achievements and a movie which will be remembered for many years ahead. Human emotions and scientific progress entangle in this story of a plane manufacturer's goading dream to develop a plane capable of crashing through the barrier of sound. In scenes of almost unparalleled suspense, the power of the jet plane is graphically sketched and the terrors of flight through space magnificently captured. David Lean, the film's producer-director, and its stars, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, John Justin, and Nigel Patrick, have all contributed excellently to the net result, while Terence Rattigan's screenplay blends the diverse elements most efficiently. However, their work pales in comparison with the excitements, the possibilities, and the problems posed by the conquest of space and all it implies. This is enthusiastically recommended for the entire family. (United Artists-Lopert)

Ray Bolger and Doris Day team exuberantly in the gay color musical, **APRIL IN PARIS.** The fun runs a gamut from slapstick to satire when a chorus girl is invited to represent the United States at a Parisian cultural festival. The invitation had been intended for Ethel Barrymore. Bolger is the harrassed secretary to a State Department Undersecretary who must pay the piper for his colossal error. After the usual complications, plus shimmering musical comedy interludes, it ends in a happy blaze of Technicolor romance. Bolger's inimitable dancing and Miss Day's vocalizing are the biggest assets in this witty, adult musical. (Warner Brothers)

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID is the Esther Williams version of the Annette Kellerman story. The flamboyant career of the headlined Australian swimmer becomes a pallid backdrop for the tank histrionics of Hollywood's favorite mermaid. The aquatic numbers have been staged with imagination and vivid Technicolor beauty, and the underwater choreography is impressive. On terra firma, the picture droops like a trapped trout, and even the capable performances of Walter Pidgeon, Victor Mature, Donna Corcoran, and David Brian cannot completely revive it. (M-G-M)

Maureen O'Hara and Errol Flynn are pirate leaders in the swashbuckling and robust adult adventure, **AGAINST ALL FLAGS.** While the plot quite often strains credulity, the action and the sea scenes do compensate for the dime-novel nature of the doings. Both stars are in fine form and the tinted photography adds a vivid touch to the improbable melodramatics. (Universal-International)

Harking back to the 1944 days of the grim conflict in the Pacific, **FLAT TOP** is a splendid, authentic study of life and death aboard the U.S.S. "Princeton." Fact and fiction blend smoothly, with the highlights springing from many scenes of actual air and sea combat. So expertly has the script dovetailed the dramatic and documentary portions that it is difficult to tell where the authentic pieces end and fancy takes over. Sterling Hayden and Richard Carlson are fine as officers embodying opposite views on the inviolability of orders. A stirring family adventure. (Monogram)

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour are off on another fabulous trek in **THE ROAD TO BALI.** If their shenanigans seem more strained than in their earlier jaunts, perhaps it is because we've all grown a bit older. As a team of vaudeville hoofers stranded in Sydney, Bob and Bing cavort and caper in approved style. They hire out as South Sea divers and have the expected merry misadventures. An adult frolic that is amusing despite a few dull detours. (Paramount)

John Philip Sousa lives on in many memories as the most colorful of the nation's bandleaders. **STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER** is a rousing and entertaining Technicolor salute to the march composer and former Marine Band conductor.

is a warm-hearted and musically satisfying affair, with ifton Webb portraying Sousa in a surprisingly deft charac- switch. Ruth Hussey is also fine as his wife, who aspires write ballads. Debra Paget and Robert Wagner are tractive youngsters, and the production numbers add eatly to the film's values as a first-rate family musical.)th Century-Fox)

ANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN is visually beautiful, morous, winning in its simplicity, and should delight diences of every age. Whether you tell or listen to fairy es, the charm of this fantasy should prove strong enough hold your attention right up to the final whimsical scene. is is not a biography of the Danish story-spinner, but gentle glimpse at an episode in the life of the village bbler who earned immortality through his talent for tall d poetic tales.

Ballet is featured importantly in the story of Andersen's nt to Copenhagen with his tousle-haired apprentice. The ualization of "The Little Mermaid" is one of the most nning dance scenes the screen has ever presented. Sur- se of the picture is Danny Kaye's restrained, understand- g portrayal of the Danish poet. It marks his emergence a dramatic actor and certainly compensates for many his past excesses. Jeanmaire, a Parisian dancer, turns t to be an actress of considerable ability, and young Joey lsh, late of the sidewalks of New York, is a likeable, vincing cobbler's apprentice. This has all the charm, color, the humor, and the appeal of a wondrous fairy e. It is a clever bit of movie magic which should find mediate favor with every member of the family. (RKO- ldwyn)

★ *Ruth Hussey and Clifton Webb in "Stars and Stripes Forever," film tribute to J. P. Sousa*

Danny Kaye, cobbler-storyteller, finds an appreciative audience in "Hans Christian Andersen"

The New Plays

rgaret Sullavan chose an unhappy vehicle for her return the legitimate theater, a maudlin and unworthy drama Terence Rattigan who has written it without inspiration style. **THE DEEP BLUE SEA** is an incredible soap- era which Miss Sullavan infuses with some interest, but t nearly enough to salvage glory for herself or satisfac- n for the audience. She is asked to impersonate a woman o sacrifices husband, dignity, and honor for a romantic erlude with a man younger in years and a bounder by linations. That a woman of her evident intelligence could so debased is possible, but improbable enough to throw entire drama offkey. Where the author intended to be found, he is merely shallow, and where he hoped for matic impact, his writing is tepidly unconvincing. All king's horses and the very great talent of Miss Sullavan not put this in proper focus. The moral issue involved nconveniently glossed over.

urice Evans goes in for a radical change of pace as the of the eerie thriller, **DIAL M FOR MURDER.** English ygoers, who always relish a spine-tingling melodrama and nicide with a genteel touch, found this fascinating. adway audiences also appreciate the elegant excitement another try at the perfect murder. As always the perpe- or is foiled, but in this instance, his come-uppance is mingly well deserved and his fate appropriately final. ns plays this role in suave and crafty style, ingratiating the bitter end. His co-star is Gusti Huber, an actress o conveys her nervous apprehension without ever seem- ridiculous or ineffectual. John Williams, Richard Derr, hony Dawson, and Porter Van Zandt help turn out a pping, plausible melodrama that manages to be both hair- ing and leisurely. The combination generates high-power lls.

MY DARLIN' AIDA is musically impressive, thanks to Giuseppe Verdi and the more contemporary Dorothy Sarnoff, a singer who is also a very fine actress. *Aida* has been transferred from the banks of the Nile to the South of Civil War days. While the famed triangle suffers in the transition, the score has not been tampered with and it is superbly sung by Miss Sarnoff and her co-star Elaine Malbin as Aida, a slave-girl who has won the love of her mistress' fiancé. Though this is occasionally ponderous in its dramatic moments, the lush Verdi score and the visual beauty of the production are sufficient recommendation for those who enjoy a blend of explosive drama, lyric excellence, and fine music. If the production's social consciousness is overstressed, it is a minor flaw in a production which is prone to overemphasis.

Purgatory on a Witness Stand

Louis Budenz has testified before Federal investigators under subpoena. For this patriotic service, he has been smeared

OF the many persons, large and small, great and commonplace, who have walked across the campus under the golden dome of Notre Dame, I was one of the strangest, no doubt, on that October morning seven years ago. A few days before, I had been editing the Communist daily organ for the United States, telling the staff members sternly how their articles and stories should accord with the current Red line. All of the authority of the Politburo, and therefore of Moscow, had been behind my commands. Now I was an individual again, not a cog in the huge Red propaganda machine, one who had openly rejected Stalin's teachings and leadership. I had returned to the Church after thirty years in the wilderness of unbelief.

Entering the office of Father Hugh O'Donnell, then president of Notre Dame, I stepped from one world into another. I was like a man who had long been kept in the dark and was now emerging into the light. The light could be seen, but as yet often dimly. As I told Father O'Donnell: "In a way, intellectually I am blinking."

That was true, and he understood it. Tall and impressive in appearance, Father O'Donnell also had a rare understanding of human beings, and he knew well the peculiar problems of the ex-Communist becoming a Catholic. No matter how widely the ex-Communist has read and no matter how deeply he has thought, the stamp put upon him by Moscow cannot be removed in a day. For years he has been under an iron discipline, studying instructions from the Kremlin by the midnight oil and passing them on to others with military precision. Long training has conditioned him from divulging any of the secrets of the conspiracy as though it were a crime to do so. We talked that over simply, Father and I, and agreed then and there upon a year of silence, during which I would not write or speak or appear anywhere in public.

No decision could have been more apt. In the mail, when I got around to reading it, there were hundreds of wires and letters urging me to address meetings from Hollywood to New York, to contribute to many periodicals, even to tour Australia immediately. To have accepted these invitations without months of recollection, thought, and spiritual renovation would have been unwise. It is necessary to steep oneself in a Catholic atmosphere, to gain strength from the sacraments, to obtain light from Catholic thought before one can talk to others, even about the Red conspiracy with which so many people are unfamiliar and about which they need to know so much.

The difficulties of transition encountered and overcome during that year of silence—and not overcome with ease—were those which to a degree confront every ex-Communist. They were for me a continuance of the struggle that went on for too long a time when I was deciding to leave the conspiracy. Any one who has felt compelled to arise in public and state: "I have been wrong for years!" can glimpse that problem. There is a reluctance to admit that one has been in error, increased many times over by the intense Communist training to the effect that he who follows Stalin must be right.

Even after I had thrown off Red allegiance, I could not understand why I hesitated so long in doing so, until one day His Excellency, Bishop Sheen (then Monsignor), visited Notre Dame. He brought a copy of *The Confessions of St. Augustine* with him for me.

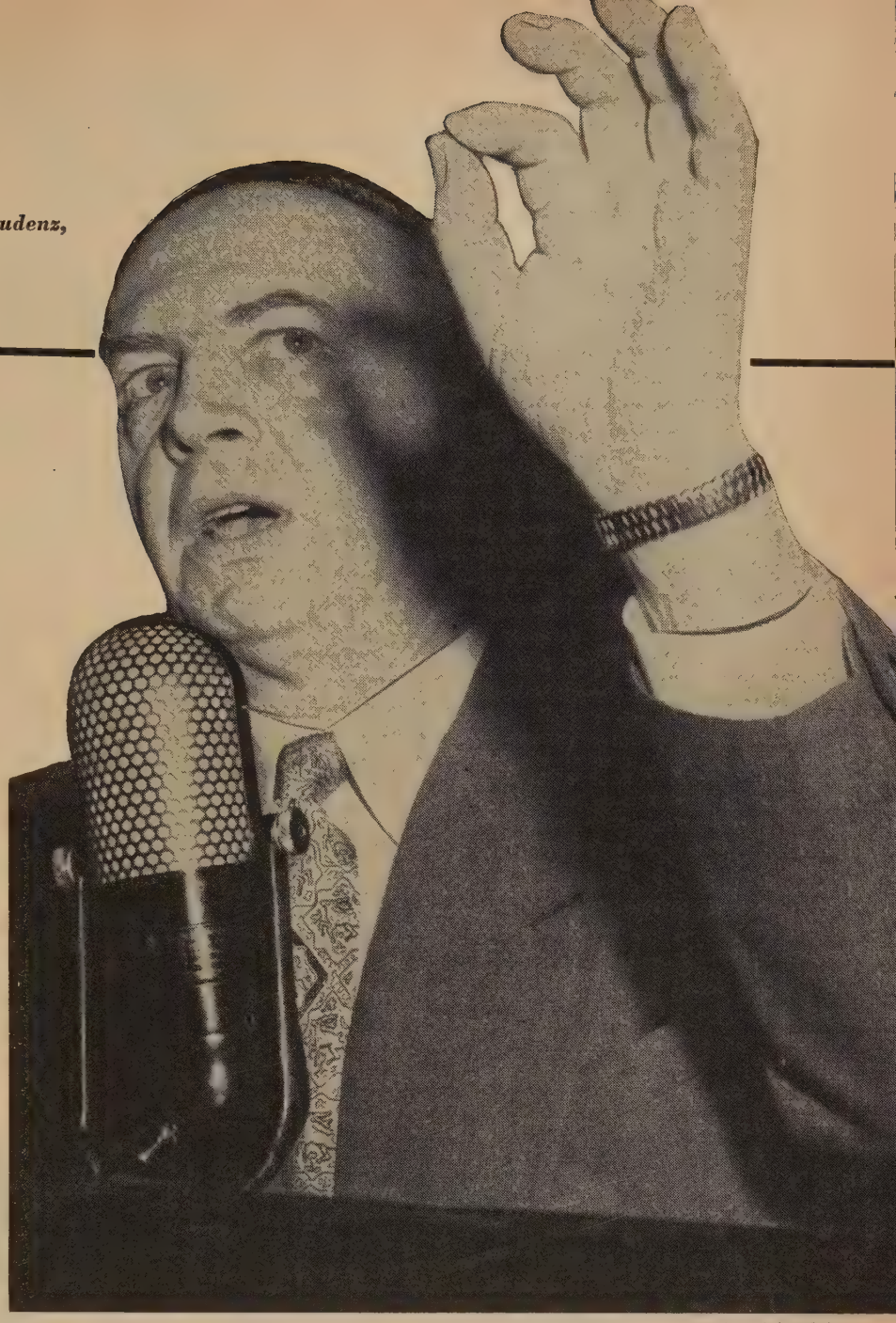
From the saint's pages, the "why" of my previous long hesitation became clear. Augustine had delayed nine years after he knew that he must cast off the communism of his day, Manichaeism, and he tells us frankly that it is a dislike to give up the old ways which cause this procrastination. That is why I had moved so slowly; it was a repugnance to admit that the sin of pride had been the cause of my becoming a Communist, a sin as old as Lucifer and as new as tomorrow which lay at the root of my hesitation.

In the long nights at Crestwood, where my wife and I talked over my leaving the Communist Party, there was another consideration which entered into our discussions. I had lived in an alien world; how would I be received in the world of freedom? How could I serve the country which I had injured and yet care for my children? The path ahead seemed foggy and uncertain. We decided one fateful night that we would do more injury to the children's souls in remaining in the camp of Communism than we could possibly do to their bodies and intellects by the change that must be made.

There was one thing which resolved all these difficulties: The full knowledge, which the non-Communist often does not have, of the gross evil of Communism and the cause for its broken pledges, bringing slavery instead of liberation and war instead of peace. There was another help, too, and a great one. It lay in the understanding that Catholicism was the path for mankind, that it had been triumphantly vindicated by the sufferings which Soviet tyranny was foisting upon the world.

THESE were the considerations which brought me and my family to St. Patrick's Cathedral and then to Notre Dame, through the instruction and guidance of Bishop Sheen. What great help His Excellency gave to us can never fully be told. He knew that our life as Catholics, because of the past, would not be a tranquil one. He prepared my wife, who had never been a Catholic, and my children, unfamiliar with Catholic life, for the transformation that was to come into their lives. As a consequence, in this transition, we moved as a family unit. That was in a deep sense our salvation.

But even then, at Notre Dame, new



1950. Ex-Communist leader, Louis F. Budenz, tells a Senate Subcommittee about the Institute of Pacific Relations

Harris & Ewing photo

by LOUIS F. BUDENZ

difficulties arose and they were no small ones. It came upon me suddenly one day when Father O'Donnell called me to his office to say that J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, wished some of his agents to confer with me. "The FBI!" I exclaimed. "Let us delay that a few weeks, Father, until I have found myself to a fuller degree." Some Communist hangovers were still with me, I had to admit to myself. The representatives of the FBI are pictured by Communist leaders and to Communists as among the lowest forms of human being. The term of contempt "police spy" is applied to anyone who dares have any relations with these guardians against subversion. In the Communist mind there becomes implanted a false conscience, as we may call it, which regards as immoral any dealings with such government agencies.

"This is folly and falsity," I told myself. "Catholic thought and your conscience teach you to make amends for the past, and that can be done only in one way." But the compulsions of the past were still strong, and I obtained not only one other postponement but still a third. This could not go on forever; finally, a decision had to be made. Mr. Hoover, it seems, was "very anxious" that the interview take place. Men have wrestled over right and wrong in many forms and under many conditions; for me, this was one of the most painful experiences of my life. That I did not want to see the FBI was clear, that I must see them if I was to undo some of the evil of the past was equally obvious.

What would lie ahead also arose vividly to confound me, that long vista of subpoenas to the witness stand, appearances before courts and congressional committees, and the outcry which the Communists would raise. The ex-Communist knows something which the non-Communist never can be familiar with, the foes that lurk in wait to destroy him if he aids the government. From my vantage point as a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party and managing editor of the *Daily Worker,* I had become too well acquainted with the widespread extent of Communist infiltration into American life. I had witnessed how the Communists had influenced leading non-Communist writers and certain men in public life to echo their calumnies against the ex-Communists. The doubt that haunts all those who leave the conspiracy was there: "With the dust which the Communists can kick up, will any testimony which follows consultation with the FBI be of any good? With secularism and therefore appeasement of Communism so widespread in American agencies of opinion, can the truth actually be told?"

When you make up your mind to end adherence to Communism, you resolve to get rid of any thought or contact with it, even by way of direct opposition. You have been so saturated with the concentration camp atmosphere in which you have lived and worked, and with the falseness of Red pretensions, that you have become sickened of it. When you become a Catholic, moreover, your eager desire is to live what we may call a normal Catholic life.

It became clear to me that for the ex-Communist this could not be. Reparation and retribution has to be made,

and there is no other alternative than to tell all that he knows about the conspiracy, in order to defend Church and country. The anchor of hope, under such circumstances, is the sacraments and the word of Our Lord that He had come to call "sinners to penance." When I heard those words and read them, all doubts as to what course to pursue were ended.

FBI special agent, Pat Coyne, and an associate interviewed me for three full days in the quiet guests' room of the dining hall on the campus. After an interval of a few days, they returned, this time for an eleven-day session. It was not always easy going. I can remember that I did not wish to give information on Jacob Golos, whom I had known well for years as a Soviet espionage agent, and on Elizabeth Bentley. It was only when Coyne asked me: "Do you know the man who was supposed to be in Cairo when he was in Istambul?" that I told the Golos-Bentley espionage story. From Coyne's question, I knew that Elizabeth Bentley had been in touch with the FBI, for the man referred to in these cryptic terms was Emanuel Victor Voska, a Czech who served as an American special agent abroad. Only Golos, Miss Bentley, and I, in addition to the Soviet secret police, knew of the episode whereby Voska had been traced by Soviet agents to the Turkish capital when supposedly he was in Egypt.

The reams of information taken down on these two occasions in early 1946 were to be the basis for many Communist trials and deportation proceedings. When I returned to New York, in the fall of that year, I was to learn that my experience with the FBI was to become permanent. Agent William J. McCarthy, now a major in the Air Intelligence, was assigned to me, and we conferred together for many hours during the next five years.

McCarthy had a singular ability in his work, combined with a rare gift of knowing how to deal with people. Despite that, and the thousands of hours we spent together, so complicated is the Communist conspiracy that all the information I possess has not yet been given the FBI. That Bureau has a method which is very effective and makes it much less difficult for anyone giving information to respond. The common practice is for the agent to bring along a notebook of questions. Most of these are answered directly and succinctly, although sometimes in the course of explaining certain Red activities, individuals about whom questions have not been asked are drawn into the discussion. That means I answered the queries put to me, and only on exceptional occasions went beyond that procedure. In all cases, I let the FBI decide what was relevant material.

One winter day in early 1947, Bill McCarthy picked me up at Fordham University where I was then teaching, and in the course of an automobile ride to my home, quietly propounded a question which was to lead to the first trial of the Communist leaders at Foley Square two years later. It was an FBI request to analyze the constitution of the Communist Party of the United States. That was familiar territory, since "Marxism-Leninism," to which the Party declares itself dedicated, embodied in its essence the necessity for the violent overthrow of our government. That understanding is drilled into the Communists through the Marxist-Leninist classics and all other Red directives. In addition, the Aesopian language or double talk with which the Communists conceal this basic aim was also easily shown, and I had the analysis in McCarthy's hands within a few days.

THE very path I had sought to avoid was opening up before me without my knowledge. More than a year went by and I had almost forgotten the matter of the Red constitution, when the District Attorney, John F. X. McGohey, invited me to see him privately. It was then that he disclosed that I was to be "the chief witness" for the government in a trial conducted under the Smith Act. Nothing could have been more unpleasant than this news. I had already testified, under government subpoena, against several of the prominent representatives of the Communist International who had operated here, and desired nothing other than to carry on my classes at Fordham. For the sake of my work at the University, I appealed to Father Robert I. Gannon, S. J., then Fordham's president, to do what he could to see that I was not called.

A day was set on which Father Gannon said he could give me his reply. That will be a day always remembered. When I went to Father Gannon's office, he said at once: "It is unfortunate the penance you must bear for having been associated with those people."

There was no necessity for Father Gannon to go further. "That's all, then, Father," was the sole response I could give. "It will have to be gone through with."

It was evident that Father Gannon, as president of the University, was telling me that the government was intent upon my being called, and also that as a priest he was showing me my obligation. That night I read again Our Lord's words that He called "sinners to penance," and reluctantly recognized again that this was the penance required of the ex-Communist. The thought brought peace of soul in the midst of turmoil.

During the long days on the witness stand at Foley Square in the Spring of 1949, as the Communists' lawyers sought to create mob scenes by their incessant wrangling, pity for my former comrades intruded itself: pity that they should remain tools of Stalin, enemies of God, and dedicated to the destruction of our country. I wanted to reach out to them

Harris & Ewing

1948. Budenz before Senate Investigating Committee. (L. to R.) Budenz; Senators Ives (N. Y.), Thy (Minn.) and Ferguson (Mich.)

cross the courtroom and draw them
ut of the Communist camp. But there
as also a remembrance of the martyrs
estially killed by Communism through-
ut the world, and for which in part
e ex-Communist was responsible.

The subsequent story became just one
ourtroom after another. Each year
itnessed the same scenes, the govern-
ent's insisting that I testify in a num-
er of cases, my urgent request for a
espite, with the government exercis-
g its power of subpoena. When the
harges against Owen Lattimore and
thers in the State Department became
national issue in 1950 around the Tyd-
gs Committee, I was asked privately
o volunteer information. A prompt re-
sal met this request; only if I were
bpoenaed by the whole committee on
nonpartisan basis would I break
lence. Among the thousands of men
d women who crowded the hearing
om on that March day before the com-
ittee and overflowed the staircase
ithin the capitol, there was one above
l who desired not to be there—myself.

WITH each appearance for the gov-
ernment, Communist attacks on
e arose in shrillness and malignancy
d were echoed ever farther out
rough the non-Communist world. This
ethod has always been the secret of
viet success within America, to per-
ade non-Communists in public life or
organs of public opinion to do what
e average American would call the
rty work for the conspiracy.

Moments of frustration tempt the ex-
mmunist under such attacks, not be-
use of their personal character but
ecause of the confusion they leave
hind them. To an immeasurable de-
ee they conceal the widespread infil-
ation of the conspiracy into American
e and the grip it has on key places in
levision, radio, and other sources of
blic opinion. The inability of Amer-
a quickly to realize that a major danger
om Communism lies within our own
rders makes the future dark indeed.

If the ex-Communist is a Catholic, he
n turn at such moments to the glori-
s history of the Church and observe
w at almost every period of history
seemed as though the waters of de-
ruction were to engulf and submerge
ankind. But the Rock of Peter rose
ove these waves, whether in the days
St. Gregory the Great and the Lom-
rd threat, of St. Gregory VII and the
npire, of Pius VI and the doctrines of
e "Enlightenment."

Without the light of Catholic faith
would be impossible to explain to
e's children why their father has to
llow this path, when others around us
e not called upon to do so. When
y oldest daughter Julia was graduated
from the Ursuline School at New Ro-
chelle last June, she was congratulated
on all sides for the honors in Latin,
French, Religion, and general excellence
which had come to her. For my wife and
me, the real joy was in something other
than these things, the knowledge that
Julia was in a Catholic school and
Catholic atmosphere and not in the
bleak world where she would have been
had we remained Communists. That
same gratitude we also feel to the
Blessed Virgin for our three other
daughters.

Every ex-Communist who becomes a
Catholic soon learns that peace of soul
is not won by a state of Nirvana, but
in resisting evil. For him there is no
choice, if his conversion is sincere. There
is no other choice for any other ex-Com-
munist who is honest with himself.

That is why the Catholic Church is
the natural home of the ex-Communist.
From it alone will he come to
understand the necessity for penance.
The troublesome road he must travel
can be lighted and made easier solely
from that knowledge.

Old St. Mary's Churchyard

by JOHN F. BOYLE

OLD St. Mary's, Philadelphia, is what perhaps one might call a miniature Westminster Abbey, as far as Catholics are concerned. Among its honored dead are some of the most outstanding names, whose noble deeds shed an undying luster on the Church and the early American Republic.

First and foremost is John Barry, the father of the American Navy, with whose exploits every American schoolboy is familiar. A fact not so very well known about him is that not only did he serve his country in the Navy, but, chafing under the enforced idleness occasioned by the British blockade of Philadelphia, he joined Washington at Valley Forge, along with others, and served in the Army until a new ship was built which enabled him to continue his harassment of the enemy again on the high seas.

Almost beside him lies the body of Thomas Fitzsimmons, signer of the Constitution, soldier and patriot. He was the first Catholic to be elected to the Provincial Deputies in Pennsylvania. From this body, which met in Carpenter's Hall, grew the Continental Congress. If Fitzsimmons had remained with this body he would have, no doubt, been another one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but, at the first call to arms, he organized a body of militia. After the Battle of Trenton he returned home, and, with other merchants, he took an active part in provisioning the Continental Army. He was a member of the assembly that framed the Constitution, along with Daniel Carroll, the only other Catholic signer.

General Stephen Moylan, the first head of the Commissary Department of the Continental Army and Washington's aide-de-camp, is also buried here. Wishing to take a more active part in the struggle, he organized the First Pennsylvania Cavalry and took part in the Battle of Trenton, the campaigns in Pennsylvania, and finished his army career with General "Light Horse Harry" Lee in the South.

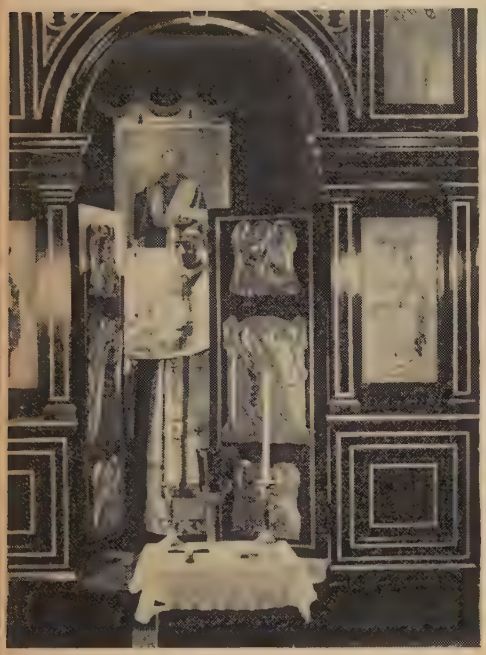
Matthew Carey, the author and publisher, Manuel Torres, the first diplomat recognized by this country from Colombia, and many other distinguished men and women lie buried here.

TIME and the elements have effaced many of the names from the tombstones but, as a plaque outside the church states:

"You are now treading on hallowed ground."

On November 4, 1781, a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was sung, celebrating the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington at Yorktown. The foot of the altar at St. Mary's was decorated with captive British flags. Congress attended in a body. The first commemoration of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in 1789, in quite the same manner.

ONLY THROUGH THIS DOOR



1. A screen separates the nave from the altar. A priest opens center doors.

2. East meets West. Note dalmatic on Greek altar boy instead of the Latin linen surplice.

3. Instead of the genuflecti Greek Catholic bows grac

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

Religious News Service

Byzantine architecture is traditional and symbolic; abounds in graceful domes and onion-shaped towers.

7. The Little Entrance. Gospel b is carried in procession to the al

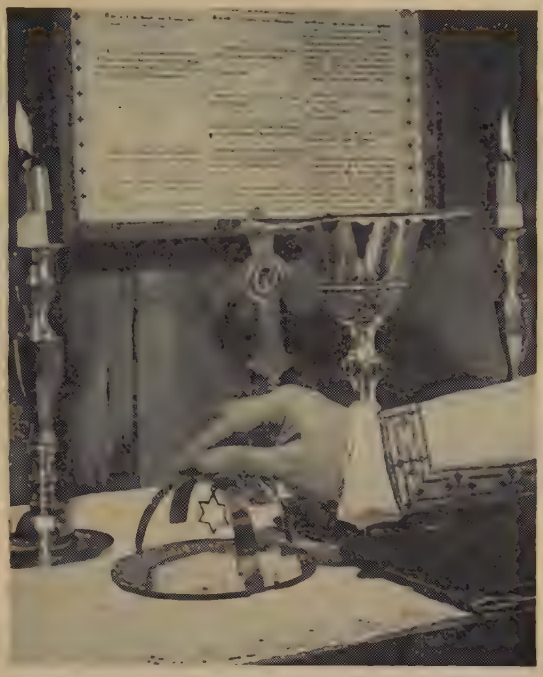
• The Church Unity Octave reminds us of the importance of the Oriental Rites. A rite is an approved ecclesiastical method of offering sacrifice and praise to God. Pope Pius XII wrote: "A lawful freedom must be allowed to each and every people of the Eastern Rite in all those things that derive from their history or depend on their own particular genius and temperament. . . . Let them all be persuaded and hold for certain that they will never be compelled to exchange their own legitimate rites and ancient institutions. Both (Latins and Orientals) are to be regarded with equ esteem and veneration, for they su round our common Mother, the Churc with, as it were, a regal variety."

Unity is possible among men, b uniformity never. The Mass is indee one, but the ways of saying it are man

The Church cherishes and preserves her Eastern Rite as the only door through which 160 million dissident Eastern Christians will be able to return to Rome

Photos by Dan C

4. Preparatory ritual. Host is pierced by a lance at side altar.



5. Hosts are square and of leavened bread, each one symbolically placed on paten.

6. Chalice and host prepared, then covers both, and incenses

Gospel is read aloud, facing the people. st still has central Royal door open.

Religious News Service

Cardinal Spellman, Bishop Senyshin, and priests of many Rites united at Eastern Rites Conference.

The word "Mass" is used only in the Roman Rite. "The Divine Liturgy" is the Eastern term. There are eight such different Eastern Rites in union with Rome. For these pictures, we follow the Byzantine Rite at the Ukrainian Catholic Seminary, Stamford, Conn. The original tongue was Greek but for centuries ancient Slavonic has been used. This Rite was composed by St. John Chrysostom, (d.407 A.D.) This form of the Mass is over two hundred years older than the present Latin form so familiar to our readers.

Like our own, the Byzantine Liturgy is divided into the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful. However, it has a beautiful ceremony of preparation before the Mass proper. Its only counterpart in our Mass is the practice of Dominicans and others in

9. The Great Entrance. Bread and wine brought to altar in procession.

10. The Creed. Chalice veil held before eyes symbol of his belief in things unseen.

11. There is only one elevation paten and chalice, with crossed ha

2. The host is broken as in the Roman ite, with one part placed in chalice.

13. Prayer before Communion. Table has articles for veneration of the laity.

14. Communion is given with a under both species of bread and

preparing the chalice at the beginning of Mass.

The three essential parts of the Mass are always present—the Offertory, Consecration, and Communion. Any Catholic may assist at Mass in any Rite in union with Rome, and may even receive Holy Communion in that Rite.

Nowhere is the unity of the Church so evident as in its historical adaptation of its one sacrifice to its many children. The mystical bent of the Oriental mind shines forth in the splendor and prolongation of the ceremonies in the Eastern Liturgy. The legalistic Weste mind is shown in the somewhat tru cated and concise form of the La Mass.

It is THE SIGN's privilege to porti the Byzantine Rite. Our hope and p is for unity and charity amongst all

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Index

What is the official Catholic "Index"? Where may I obtain a copy?—R. K., MEDFORD, MASS.

To purchase a copy of the Catholic *Index of Prohibited Books,* try your nearest Catholic bookstore; to consult the *Index,* apply to the nearest Catholic college library. You will find prohibited books listed in the language in which they were published; all preliminary information, including quotations from the Church's *Code of Canon Law,* is in English.

The *Index* is an official catalogue of books and other writings, condemned explicitly by the Church as harmful to Catholic faith or morals. It is issued and brought up to date every few years by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, a papal bureau devoted to the protection of the Faith and presided over by the Pope himself. The *Index* is not so complete that we can infer our freedom to read anything not listed in that catalogue of condemnation. The best general guide against harmful reading is to be found in the Church's law code. With a view to approval or disapproval, the Holy Office considers, for the most part, only those publications which have been denounced as notoriously dangerous, oftentimes because of circumstances which are local rather than national or worldwide. Writers hostile to the Church sometimes consider a listing on the *Index* as the best possible ad, for fanatics thrive on opposition.

The following is a brief excerpt from the foreword to the *Index,* by the scholarly Cardinal Merry del Val: "Nor can it be affirmed that the Index constitutes a permanent conspiracy against the progress of literature and science. It is obvious that no one has taught more firmly than the Catholic Church that man has been created by his Maker as a free agent. (But) . . . 'there can be nothing more pernicious and nonsensical than to maintain that man, inasmuch as created free, must be above the law, for were this so, it would follow necessarily that liberty must be uncontrolled by reason.' (Pope Leo XIII) How necessary for the commonweal is the suppression of evil literature and how perfectly it coincides with *sane* liberty has been demonstrated by the example even of the most civilized governments, which have had recourse, with a rigor unknown to the Church, to the prohibition of the publication of certain works."

Why Not?

A Catholic girl and a Protestant man, both single, attempted marriage before a minister. Can she return to the Church and be married before a priest?—M. H., ALLSTON, MASS.

If a priest told this girl that a Catholic marriage is out of the question, then it must be that either she or the non-Catholic party or both have built up a "roadblock." Otherwise, why not a return to the Church and a rectified marriage? There could be no obstacle, unless either party be unwilling to sign the customary promises whereby the Faith of the Catholic spouse is safeguarded, and whereby the Catholic education of offspring is guaranteed.

No Monopoly

Please settle a discussion between my son and his co-workers. Have all the Popes been of Italian nationality?—C. L., ROME, N. Y.

By no means. Of all the Vicars of Christ from St. Peter to Pius XII, at least eleven nationalities have been represented. We say "at least," because in tracing nationalities, we have to bear in mind the revision of maps which is the dominant "hobby" of so many statesmen and militarists, the world over. In computing the number of so-called Italian Popes, we should advert to the fact that, until about 1870, there was no such thing as a United Italy. Prior to that time, Rome, Venice, Naples, Sicily, Genoa, and other sectors were foreign countries, as much so as England, Scotland, Wales, and North Ireland used to be. With that fact in mind, we should realize that there have been "Italian" Popes only within the past century. To classify as Italian those Popes who have originated in the area known now as United Italy is inaccurate, misleading, and conducive to the threadbare charge of a monopoly of the Papacy by Italians. However, aside from Popes who have derived from the territory now classified as the Italian Peninsula, the nationality of other Popes can be listed as follows: Palestine, 1; Portugal, 1; England, 1; Dalmatia (now Yugoslavia,) 2; Holland, 1; Africa, 3; Spain, 2; Syria, 5; Germany, 5; France, 12; Greece, 13.

Holy Communion for Others?

How about the common practice of offering our Holy Communions for someone other than ourselves? Is it true that we cannot transfer to another the grace we receive?—H. K., GREENSBORO, N. C.

In Holy Communion, each recipient receives God: so precious a divine Gift should not and cannot be deeded to another. Together with God Himself, we receive the gift of His grace, but in so personal a way that it cannot be transferred to, or shared directly with someone else. Hence, St. Thomas Aquinas declares: "Nor can one man receive a sacrament instead of another, since in a sacrament grace is given to the recipient, not to another." Even more explicitly, he states: ". . . the laity who receive the Eucharist for those in purgatory, err."

However, the recipient of Holy Communion can benefit others indirectly, by way of the many meritorious attitudes that enter into the worthy reception of the Eucharist. To

receive any sacrament—especially the Source of divine grace in Person—is an act of religion of the highest quality; it bespeaks a spirit of faith, hope, and charity, as well as many other virtues; incidental inconveniences entail self-sacrifice. Undoubtedly, our prayers for others, consequent upon the Real Presence of a Divine Guest, are ever so much more eloquent than would otherwise be the case. In this way, indirect but practical, we can benefit others by our reception of the Eucharist, just as by our own bodily nourishment we increase our efficiency to help others.

Our best opportunity to offer something worthwhile to God, for ourselves and for others, for the living and for the deceased, is the Eucharist as a sacrifice—the sacrifice of the Mass. The Eucharist as a sacrament is God's gift to us: we do not offer it, we receive it. Our perfect offering to God is to be found, not in the tabernacle, but upon the altar where Christ continues to immolate Himself for us and for others. For this reason, we do not merely "hear" Mass or attend it. Because Christ Himself is our Spokesman in Person, we *participate* in offering that sacrifice to God: because of His divine eloquence, we can hope to "influence" God. Hence, our Gift to God, rather than His Gift to us, is the most correct and effective remembrance to feature in any spiritual bouquet.

Martyr Or Not

Knowing that the Church takes infinite pains before canonizing anyone, am shocked by enclosed from "Sunday Tribune" of Chicago.—M. J., EVANSTON, ILL.

We assume that your shock, as a Catholic who respects the scholarship and honesty of the Church as well as her infallible competence to canonize saints, is a reaction to the nonsense featured by a secular newspaper, quoting a French so-called biographer. The latter alleges that Joan of Arc was not burned at the stake in Rouen, that another young woman was the actual scapegoat, and that the real Joan visited Orleans eight years after her supposed death.

That claim is anything but a discovery—it is, rather, a historical bone that was picked clean years ago and buried deep under historical evidence to the contrary. Biographer Grimod may as well abandon his search for the Maid of Orleans' grave, because, immediately after her death by fire, her remains were swept into a blanket and cast into the River Seine. There is reason to think that a "Maid of Orléans" tried to impersonate Joan of Arc, after her death in 1431. Reliable historians have recognized the imposter long ago: the Church has infallibly recognized the real Maid of Orleans as a martyr-saint.

Cenacle

What is meant by the "cenacle"? I can't find the word any place.—J. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y.

"Cenacle" is an English form of a Latin word, meaning a dining room. In connection with the history of the Church, the cenacle referred to is the famous "upper room," where so many events of early Christianity took place, such as the Last Supper, the manifestation of Our Lord after His Resurrection, the advent of the Holy Ghost, and the election of Matthias as an apostle. Some claim the cenacle as the place of Our Lady's death, just prior to her Assumption to heaven. The cenacle became the first Christian church; after its destruction toward the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, it was rebuilt and until the fourth century served as the cathedral of Jerusalem. In 1342 it was confided to the care of the Franciscans, until its seizure two centuries later by the Moslems, who turned it into a mosque, under the pretext that it is the burial place of David.

Name Problems

When I was baptized, the priest told my parents that Beverly is not a saint's name. A search, occasioned by the impending baptism of my daughter, revealed a Beverly listed as a saint. Why is St. John the patron of those named Beverly?—B. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Do not wonder that the priest was unable to identify Beverly as the name of a saint. St. John of Beverly is rather well known in England, but not so in this country, and his name is rarely listed under *B*. To refer to him as St. Beverly is to replace his personal name with the name of his burial place. Not infrequently, the name of a saint is a composite of baptismal name plus a surname based on some special achievement or derived from family or place of birth, death, or burial. Typical examples are St. Francis *of* Xavier, St. Thomas *of* Aquinas. Variation in spelling alone can occasion bewilderment.

St. John of Beverly died in 721, as Archbishop of York. Among his pupils was the famous St. Bede. Because of a miracle he wrought, he is considered a patron of the deaf and dumb. His principal feast day is observed on October 25. His shrine is at Beverly and was renowned as a place of pilgrimage when England was Catholic.

Parochial Reports

Why is it that, in some parishes, a financial report is published annually, but in other parishes, none whatever?—G. G., PEAPACK, N. J.

Aside from a possible regulation in this or that diocese, the pastor is under no obligation whatever to publish a financial report. A carefully itemized report must be submitted to the bishop annually. If a pastor see fit to publicize the same or a similar report, it is done either as a gratuitous courtesy or as a tactic to perk the interest of the parishioners and their co-operation.

Guilty

Regularly, a co-worker turns in her time for a 48-hour week, although she lops off an hour or two daily. She contends this is not a sin, and that she has been so advised.—K. L., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Always be wary of anyone who quotes "competent advice" in favor of obvious wrongdoing. Nine times out of ten, such people so camouflage their case as to elicit a lenient opinion.

Assuming that you have not "blown up" the picture, your co-worker is dishonest, sins habitually against the Seventh Commandment, and in the course of time will be guilty of serious injustice to her employer. As bad, if not worse, is her practice of encouraging the same behavior among others, alleging the advice of a priest as a smoke screen. A time clock won't cure a lax conscience, but it would put an end to contagious bad example.

Confirmation—How Necessary?

I notice that many adults receive Confirmation late in life. Is this sacrament not absolutely necessary?—V. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

Confirmation is not as necessary as Baptism, which is essential for salvation, nor is it as necessary as the sacrament of Penance might be for many people. Nonetheless, it is a matter of considerable obligation that those who have been baptized and have attained the use of reason be properly instructed and receive this important sacrament, conferring as it does "a grace of a lifetime," all the more necessary because of the pagan atmosphere in which we live. If a tardy Confirmation be embarrassing to an adult, he or she can arrange to be confirmed in a distant parish.

Spiritual Marriage

Am not antagonistic but am sincerely puzzled over commonly accepted practices of women entering religious life, which strike me as romantic and imaginative—such as a "marriage" ceremony, a wedding ring, a role as "brides of Christ," etc. Don't they also serve God the Father and God the Holy Ghost?—K. J., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

To refer to female religious as "brides of Christ" does not imply that they serve only the incarnate Second Person of the Trinity, any more than the reference to Him as our "Divine Master" excludes the Father or Holy Spirit as our Divine Masters. Although an adopted child of all three Divine Persons, Our Lady is spoken of aptly as "daughter of the Father, mother of the Son, and spouse of the Spirit." Since Christ is the Head of the Mystical Body which is the Church, He is referred to fittingly as our "Elder Brother" to whom we are related as "joint heirs." (Romans 8:17) It is not contradictory, however, to refer to the religious as both a "bride of Christ" and as His brother or sister, for all of these descriptive terms are appropriate and no one of them is used in such wise as to exclude the others. Another typical example: Because of the mutual love and fidelity which characterize an ideal marriage, the Apostle St. Paul resorts to the idea of wedlock between Christ and the Church as His spouse, in one of his exhortations to husbands and wives. (Eph.: 5:22—33)

Any promising or actually happy marriage is romantic. What could be more romantic than the espousal and lifelong dedication of a human soul in love with God? "To wed" is to become bound by close and lasting ties, an excellent description of the attitude of all-out self-dedication to God on the part of a novice or professed religious. Logically, then, it is not overimaginative to feature such symbols as a novice's bridal veil or head wreath, or a wedding ring worn by the religious of some communities from vow day onward.

Not Hopeless

If a Catholic man and woman are living together as husband and wife, though really unmarried, will they be allowed Catholic burial?—M. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Only the Chancery Office of their diocese can answer that question, by rendering a decision based upon many considerations. The Chancery Office of every diocese is located in whatever city the bishop resides. Approach to the matrimonial board of the Chancery can be made either directly or through their parish priest. We mention the latter bureau because the case, as you outline it, is not hopeless.

When a man and woman live together as husband and wife for a given period of time, though without any legal formalities whatever, that sort of union is recognized in some few States as a so-called common-law marriage. But the Church concedes no recognition whatever to such cohabitation. Centuries ago, the Church outlawed and invalidated all clandestine or secret marriages. For the most part, civil governments took the same stand, insisting that marriages be contracted before an official and witnesses.

If, in the case you refer to, the validity of the marriage has been taken for granted by all or by most people, and if its invalidity be not exposed, a Catholic burial would probably take place, adding one more fraud to a sorry career. If the invalidity of the marriage were common knowledge, then a Catholic burial would be out of the question.

But, why think only in terms of keeping up appearances after death? Possibly, the couple under consideration are by now free to marry, and by so doing to legitimatize their children. If the real situation be a secret, that secret will be kept scrupulously by their parish priest and by the matrimonial officials of the diocese. To say the least, if the parties are not free to marry, it may prove feasible to permit them to continue living together, although "as brother and sister," and to return to the sacraments.

Confusion—Clarity

Am confused by a recent article in the "Sign Post" apropos of internal sins and external sins. As a convert, I have understood that there are only two kinds of sin—mortal and venial—G. T., CHICAGO, ILL.

There is more than one basis for the classification of sin. On the score of the degree of guilt, you are correct: every sin is either mortal or venial—that is, very serious or less so. In ratio to the seriousness of a sin, the punishment due is either grave or comparatively lighter. But sins differ also in *kind,* according to the law which is broken—or, to express it better still, according to the virtue against which the sin is an offense. For example, a sin of theft is a breakage of the Seventh Commandment of God, a sin of murder is committed in disregard of His Fifth Commandment, neglect of Mass on Sundays and holydays is contrary to the First Commandment of the Church directly and indirectly contrary to the Third Commandment of God. To steal is at variance with the virtue of honesty, to kill unjustly is in conflict with the virtues of justice and charity; to neglect divine worship is to be wanting in the practice of faith. Hence, when we commit sin, we break a law and also weaken the soul's virtue, if we do not snuff it out altogether.

We dwelt upon human sin as internal and external, because many people consider themselves free of guilt before God unless they carry out externally what they plan and determine upon in the privacy of the mind and heart—that is to say, internally. For example, if you make up your mind to rob a bank, you are already guilty of theft, even though your plan be thwarted and you never carry it out. Were you to succeed in the theft, you would be obliged to restitution. Similarly, if you determine to kill someone unjustly, you are guilty of murder before you press the trigger. Check Matthew, 5:28. Whether or not externalized by word or action, both virtue and vice are rooted in the privacy of the mind and heart. Hence, the importance of the internal angle of all human behavior.

Holy Water

I was always taught that the water blessed on Holy Saturday is used throughout the year. Others say it is good only until Trinity Sunday.—P. S., CARIBOU, MON.

Easter water is a sacramental and may be used whenever holy water is called for, as on the occasion of a sick call, for blessing religious articles, etc. It is usual to confine the use of Easter water within the paschal time, but the blessing given on Holy Saturday does not expire as of Trinity Sunday. The difference between Easter water and the usual holy water is not so considerable as to call for a mention in the *Baltimore Catechism.* In most churches, Easter water would not last until Trinity, and the blessing of the usual holy water would be resumed.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

Abbé Delsinne rehearses Christian Marlot, who sang with Bing Crosby while on U. S. tour

A reunion of former members is a happy occasion, especially in the refectory

Rehearsals are held every day and last for three hours. After the group rehearsals, private instruction is given

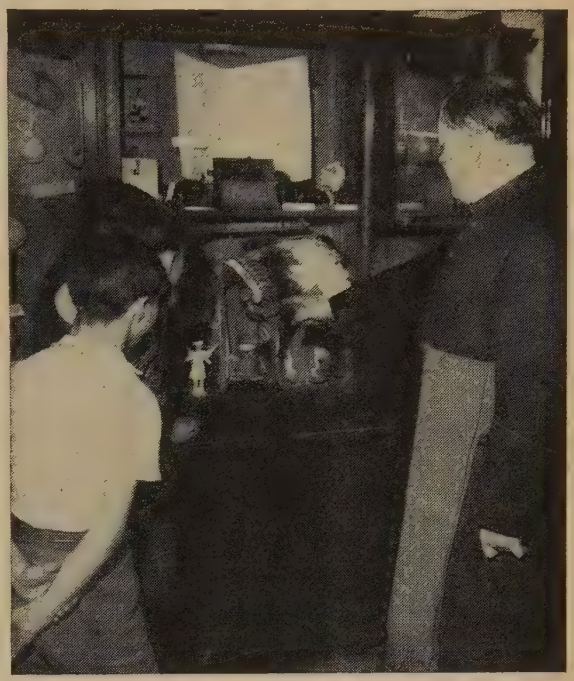
They Sing for Peace

It was years ago that the little boys of France began their crusade of song, and now boys from many lands have joined them

HAVE you ever heard of a group of teen-agers starting a choir that would develop into an international organization? That, in brief, is the history of The Little Singers of the Wooden Cross. In the beginning, back in 1907, there were only a few boys. Today in France alone there are one hundred and seven schools, with twelve thousand members who can sing with equal proficiency the ancient chants of the Church, folk music, and works of Mozart, Bach, and modern composers.

The Little Singers developed into an international organization as the result of many tours throughout the world. They have made several long and successful trips through the United States and Canada. In 1949, the Little Singers held their third international Congress, and Pope Pius XII honored the group by officiating at a Pontifical Mass. Three thousand boys attended from some fifteen countries, all proud to be members of the Little Singers of the Wooden Cross.

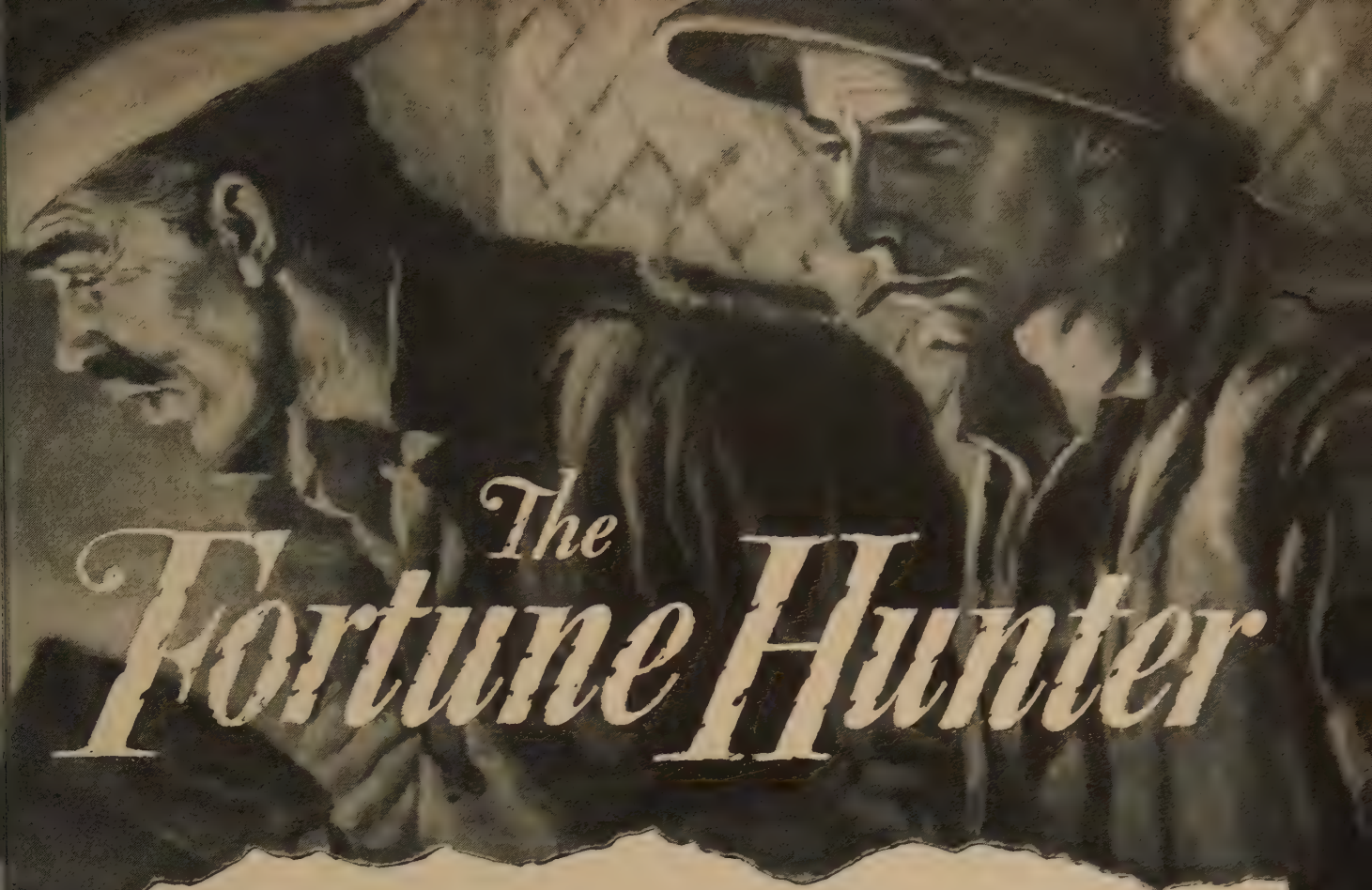
The Central Choir School, featured here, is under the direction of Father Maillet, who has conducted the boys since 1924. It was under his able direction that the singers won international fame. Everywhere they sing they try to achieve their ambition: to unite little children all over the world in one huge singing family, under the sign of peace.



Father Maillet points out American souvenirs

Boys will be boys, and to them the kitchen is always home. Above they help the women to shell the peas for supper

The boys have an after-the-concert get-together before retiring for the night



The Fortune Hunter

The guile of Noname John was well known to the wary miners. But Martin was a naive newcomer to the gold country

THIS is the story of Martin West and the Kibuna gold strike. If you know the lonely, steaming coast of New Guinea between the Wakde Islands and Cape D'Urville, you will have heard it told a dozen different ways already. More than likely you will smile and exclaim cynically, "Well, now! Another version!"

Not so. This is the way it happened. I was proprietor of the hotel at Kibuna at the time. I was there the night Martin West arrived by native canoe from Sarmi where the K.P.M. steamer had put him ashore.

It was to me—to me alone—old Noname John told his secret.

Kibuna was no booming gold-town then, but simply a port-of-entry, so to speak, for the fortune hunters, and a port-of-exit for the sick, the disillusioned, the broken men who found the swamps and the mountains of the interior too much for them. The hotel overhung the river on crooked wooden legs. Along the ocean beach stood a handful of native shacks and a trading store. The rest was heat and desolation, frenzied ambition and shattered hopes.

Gold? A few had found it, somewhere back there in the foothills of the Van Rees Mountains. But many, many others had found only misery and heartache. Yet still they came, and would keep on coming as long as hard-bitten

by Hugh B. Cave

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR OLSON

Out of the pouch he poured a pile of golden gravel that made us all gasp!

old-timers like Noname John refused to give up the search.

He was only a boy, this Martin West—a slender, solemn lad with a few hard-saved pounds in his pocket and a world of determination in his clear eyes. In his wallet he carried a picture of a girl. Ruth, her name was. It was written there beneath the dedication, "To Martin, with all my love and faith."

I pitied him. He would need more than faith!

"For her," he declared, "I'm going to find gold in this forsaken place if I have to crawl to it on hands and knees. You hear? Nothing's going to stop me!"

Silence greeted his announcement. It was a foul night. The wet monsoon was on us. The wind whistled against the hotel shutters in the dark outside, and rain fell in torrents on the roof while we looked at the boy, sizing him up.

He was not the usual sort. Most of them are riffraff, the hard-eyed flotsam of the Southern Seas. Martin West was different, and the difference made you wish that the black heart of New Guinea had never given up its golden secret to lure such a boy to his doom.

For if he didn't find his gold, he would go on looking. His eyes told you so. And after a time, nothing but the gold would matter.

"I don't want a fortune," he said, standing there in the midst of us, addressing anyone who would listen. "But there's a small ranch in Queensland we've set our hearts on owning, Ruth and I, and it shouldn't take too long to find enough for that—now should it?"

I finished lighting the lamps, looked at him again and said, "Shouldn't it? Who knows? Noname John, at the table there behind you, has been seeking gold in New Guinea, here and elsewhere, since he was your age. Ask *him* how long it takes."

But he would not listen. He had spread a map on the table and was full of talk. "I know I'm green," he said. "And perhaps I've got a nerve, telling a lot of old-timers what I think. But I've seen this country from the air, which most of you haven't. I was here in the war. And I've marked on the map here a stream back in the hills that looks wonderfully promising. That's where I'm going."

THEY gathered around, smiling. A dozen men were at the hotel that night. Every one of them solemnly studied the boy's map and wished him luck. He might be right, they said. But not a man of them believed it.

Old Noname John got up from his corner to have a look also. He looked longer than the others. "The picture," he said at last, scowling. "Let me see it—the picture of your sweetheart."

Obediently the boy handed it over.

"What's her name again?"

"Ruth."

"Ruth, eh?" said John, managing a toothless grin. "She's a fine-lookin' young girl, for sure." He scowled again, fiercely. "But she's a proper fool to be puttin' her faith in a fortune hunter!"

He was a queer one, was John. How old? None of us rightly knew. He must have been ancient always. Even his name, if he'd ever revealed it, was forgotten. He'd been one of the first to come to Kibuna, and you knew, by hearing him talk, that he'd been everywhere else in New Guinea where gold was to be found.

Years before, someone had asked him his name point blank, and John had turned on the man with an amazing show of anger.

"My name's none of your business! I've got no name!"

"John No-name, eh?" the fellow retorted. And John No-name it was, though later it got switched about and became Noname John.

Every six months or so, he came trudging out of the bush to sit for a while in comfort, his beard a shade whiter than the last time, his gait stiffened a bit, the gleam not quite so bright in his eyes. "I get weary of talkin' to myself up there in the mountain mists," he'd say, "and tired of my own cookin' sometimes. A man needs a bit of civilization now and then."

• The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.

G. B. Shaw

Ah, but he could tell some tales, of secret valleys in the high, lost ranges, of strange native ceremonies, of hunger and suffering and poisoned arrows. He'd curl your hair when his tongue loosened. *If* you believed him.

This time his tale had been different. "I'm rich," he'd said with a sly look in his eye, in answer to the inevitable question. "You can call me *Mr.* Noname John now. I've found it."

"You've found it, eh, John? Where now? Did you wander into one of your lost valleys to find the stuff on top of the ground, perhaps, like yellow hailstones? Eh, John?"

"Go on," he said. "Laugh. But I've found it."

He puzzled us now, for he was bending a gnarled finger at young Martin West, and above the rumble of the rain we heard his thin voice commanding, "Come sit at my table. Bring your map." And the boy obeyed, while the rest of us fell silent, sensing drama.

"Your map," said John then, "is misleadin'. I've been to your secret stream, lad, and it's not what a glance from the air might lead you to think. It's near as hard to reach as the moon, and not a grain of the golden stuff when you get there."

The boy frowned, looking disappointed. The rest of us exchanged glances.

"Now here," said John. "You look here." He plucked a stub of pencil from the pocket of his ragged shirt and, with his nose but an inch from the paper, made a new line on the map. "Here's where I found *my* fortune," said John gravely. "And it's where you'll go if you've any sense."

We crowded around to look at the mark he'd made, and old John glanced at us with a shrewd flicker in his ancient eyes.

I LOOKED at Martin West. He was believing it. Poor lad, he was too innocent to see through the game.

"If you found gold," I said to John, "suppose you show us some. Or did you neglect to bring any out with you?"

The old man hesitated, eyed us all for a moment, then reached deep into his pocket. "Fair enough," he grunted, and produced a pouch.

Out of the pouch he poured a pile of golden gravel that made us gasp!

For a minute no sound was to be heard in that room except the rattle of rain and the whistle of wind and the scrape and scuff of men's feet as they surged closer to the table to peer again at the map. They weren't looking at the route Noname John had marked out for Martin West. No, sir! They were memorizing, every man jack of them, the line laid down by the boy himself.

John wasn't fooling *them*.

He seemed to think he was. Leaning back in his chair, he smoked his pipe in silence with a lifetime of cunning in his eyes. He was still sitting there when the last of the fortune hunters had slipped away to make preparations for an early morning departure.

The boy sat, too. As I've said, he was too honest himself to distrust a fellow man—especially an old, white-bearded patriarch like Noname John.

He studied the route John had marked for him. In his mind, you could tell, he was already digging for the golden nuggets and dreaming of his Ruth and the ranch in Queensland.

I made up my mind I'd have a talk with him in the morning, when John was not about. *Someone* had to tell him.

But when I crawled from bed in the morning, the damage was done. You'd have thought a plague had swept the settlement. No one was left except No-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Suffer Little Children

For the mentally retarded child, there is help and hope at Chicago's new Kennedy Home for Exceptional Children

by ***ROBERT L. REYNOLDS***

ON a broad, gently-rolling prairie 25 miles southwest of Chicago stands a strange assortment of buildings. Two of them look as though they may once have been (as indeed they were) the house and the barn of a large farm. Three others, similar to one another in design, have the sloping roofs and the large areas of glass and glass brick typical of the modern, ranch-type homes on the city's exclusive North Shore. Off to one side of the main group, two other ranch-style buildings are going up, and large piles of excavated dirt are evidence that still more construction is in the offing. Pointing skyward, and looking for all the world like a teed-up golf ball, is the water tower—a

slender silver shaft topped by a huge silver sphere.

This sharply contrasting group of buildings make up the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. School for Exceptional Children. Here, under the guidance of 20 Franciscan Sisters and one lay teacher, 121 mentally retarded young boys live and learn and work. Most of them are between the ages of six and twelve (though quite a few are in their teens) and their I.Q.'s range from 55 to 75. Not many years ago, boys like these would have been outcasts, cut off from normal patterns of living, unable to attend school with other children their age, derided by their friends. Now, with the help of specially qualified teachers, they are being taught crafts, reading, music, religion. They are being helped to develop to the limit of their capabilities. In short, insofar as possible they are becoming self-reliant citizens, or, as one Sister put it, "assets instead of debits to society."

The school, originally established in Colorado, was brought to Chicago three years ago at the invitation of Cardinal Stritch. It received its biggest boost in February of 1951, when the Cardinal was presented with a check for $500,000, first installment on a one and a quarter million dollar grant from the Lt. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. Foundation —a fund set up by the former U. S. Ambassador to England in memory of his war-hero son, a Navy pilot killed over the English Channel in World War II. Children were one of young Kennedy's major interests, and before his death he had planned to devote a good share of his time and fortune to their care.

Right now, the school is operating at top capacity. The three modern buildings which contrast so starkly with the former farm buildings are residential cottages. Named in honor of St. John, St. George, and St. Bernard respectively, each cottage contains two good-sized dormitories, in each of which 20 boys sleep in double-deck maple bunks. Just outside each dormitory is a private room occupied by two of the Sisters—always on call in case of emergency. Midway between the two dormitories is a large

Top: Sister shows the youngsters how to punch the bag, as Jean and Eunice Kennedy smile their approval

Center: Cardinal Stritch, who brought the School to Chicago, in a happy moment at the Confirmation dinner

Left: Sister lends a hand as three boys build a log cabin. The other boy provides the music

playroom, its floor covered with bright linoleum, its walls lined with cabinets on whose shelves are toys of every description. Walls of glass and glass brick let in a maximum of sunlight and air.

The reconverted barn, called Tormey Hall in honor of the priest who acquired the property from its original owners for use as a boys' camp, is the heart of the school. Here are the classrooms, chapel, dining room, and kitchen. Throughout, the walls are paneled in knotty pine. Everywhere the accent is on bright, cheerful colors. There is nothing "institutional" about this school.

The crafts room is typical. Here Sister Catherine of Siena, a short, quiet, bespectacled nun, teaches the boys weaving, wood burning, leather tooling. Each boy has two periods a week of this kind of work, and even those who are not able to read or to understand more complicated ideas find pleasure, satisfaction, and a measure of progress through learning to work with their hands.

Johnny is a typical example. While I was there, Sister showed me a piece of wood on which Johnny was burning the outlines of a sailing vessel, closely following with the electric tool a pattern stenciled on the wood. It is the kind of project which any boy of average talents might do as well or better. But for Johnny it represents a real victory. He had for some years attended a public school. Mentally unequal to the work expected of him, he failed repeatedly in almost everything he attempted. When he arrived at the Kennedy School all his confidence was gone. People had so often told him he was a failure that the idea had sunk deep into his consciousness.

He started off in the crafts room, weaving a rug on a hand loom. The school is ungraded, and here, as in every other class, he was not in competition with the others. "The boys taste nothing but success," a nun told me. "Each of them competes only with his own record. Each day he tries to do a little better than he did the day before." In Johnny's case, each new craft he mastered gave him new con-

Top: The boys know the real meaning of Christmas and offer their prayers at the school crib

Center: Here, as in all schools, it is a happy day when Santa Claus arrives with his big bag of toys

Right: Sister Nila Jean, O.S.F., reads a bedtime story before her charges tumble into bed

AND SO A SON . . .

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Boy, you and I shall have to learn again
(I will, that is, and teach it all to you)
Slowly the harsh, gruff, rolling talk of men
To forge this bright new link between us two.

Before you came this woman talk was sweet
And sweet remains, but O the living salt
Of man-words, warm, with things replete
That, shy, in woman's wondrous presence halt

And are forgotten! Well, I slip away
To a long unused attic of my heart
And rummage slyly there against the day
When we two, you and I, shall with the art

That down the years from out the barrel chest
Of old Ulysses came like winter snow
Each to other say the truths that best
Enable man his manhood's worth to know.

HEART OF CHRIST

by SISTER HELEN DOLORES, C.S.J.

Now we have come unto the holy feast of Love
Led by Longinus who through happy fault
Has opened wide the gateway of Its bounty.

O, but the sharpened lance
Had little way to go, slight work to do,
For pressure of Divine and Human Love
Had long been waiting to burst forth in full
Flowing out then, as now, over the hand
Whose touch would wound incisively—

Over the hand, and eyes, and head,
And to the very heart,
Never to wound reciprocally,
Rather to heal and then to draw
To that atonement which is unity
With Him Whose Heart is Love.

fidence. As a result he began to do better even in his academic work. His sense of responsibility began growing rapidly. "Now he can do almost everything," Sister Catherine said proudly.

Off to one side of the chapel is the kindergarten. Not only here but in all the other classrooms as well, the accent is on visual aids, for mentally retarded children have a very short attention span. "Sometimes in the middle of a class," says Sister Joanne Marie, who teaches a pre-reading course, "I have to have them stand up and do exercises, or I use some other device to get their attention back." Her own classroom, is just across the way, on the other side of the chapel from the kindergarten. On each boy's desk is a small box of cards, on each of which a word is printed. With these he learns to build sentences.

Right now the boys are making scrapbooks. Sister Joanne Marie finds out what they're interested in and tries to teach them to read and write in terms of these subjects. One little boy named Tommy is fascinated by airplanes, so his scrapbook is full of pictures of planes clipped from magazines. Opposite the pictures Sister letters in a simple story about flying, and slowly, patiently Tommy copies the words and learns what they mean. Or, after she has taken the class to the zoo in the school bus, she will help each boy write a simple story about what he saw on the trip. These stories, in their own handwriting, become the boys' primers, and Sister finds that they learn to read much more quickly from these than from regular textbooks. In their next crafts class, Sister Catherine of Siena helps them make cutouts of elephants, lions, giraffes.

Each of the nuns volunteers for this work. "It's a vocation within a vocation," says Sister Inez, the superintendent. "But Sisters who are once engaged in it, and who for one reason or another leave it, always have a hankering to come back. These children have a way of fastening themselves to your heartstrings. A nun who comes into this kind of teaching can't always look for physical or mental development as the measure of her work. She must look beyond these, to the soul of the child. There's where her real work lies."

After my tour of the school, I sat in the parlor of what was once the farmhouse and is now the convent, and asked Sister Inez about the boys' parents. Are they bitter because God has sent them a mentally retarded child? "Some of them are when they first come here," she answered. "It's a shock to them when they learn they have a mentally retarded child. And sometimes they just won't accept the fact. They begin a trek from doctor to doctor, from clinic to clinic, hoping vainly that their child will be pronounced normal. In many cases, unfortunately, the doctors won't tell the parents what they should hear, but what they want to hear. It's left to us then to tell them their boy is never going to be a normal child."

IN almost all cases, there is no shame on the part of the family. "Our children are greatly loved by their parents," Sister Inez said. "Having a mentally retarded child is no longer thought of as a blight on the family. Our boys come from the poorest strata of society to the very wealthy, from homes where the parents have a minimum of education to those in which the father works in a highly specialized field."

Eventually, many more parents will have the consolation of knowing their boys are being trained and cared for in a well-equipped school. The grant from the Kennedy Foundation will pay for a great expansion program—seven new cottages, an administration building, a new chapel, a gymnasium, an auditorium, and other buildings. When these are completed the school will be able to handle an enrollment of four hundred.

Meanwhile, Sister Inez has a money problem, for none of the Kennedy funds can be used to amortize the present deficit. "We're a million dollars in debt," Sister says. But she says it cheerfully. On the cornerstone of one of the new cottages are inscribed the Latin words *Deus providebit*. "That's our school motto," Sister Inez explains. "*Deus providebit*—God will provide. And I think He's doing a wonderful job. After all, He has made these children, and He will help us take care of them."

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Women Voted

THE TUMULT AND the shouting are well behind me as I write this. The captains and the kings on both sides have gone back home to tasks less prosaic than nominating a president. So have the women who so ably assisted them in this political campaign. This time they were treated very nicely, I thought, as I watched on television, which certainly saw all and told all. At least the women delegates were allowed to talk, to make motions, and occasionally to act as counters or to nominate. But there was also the time when they asked from the platform (I forget of which party) for some ruling that would give them a truer equality and were put aside with politeness; the motion was voted down by firm masculine voices. I thought that even on television I could catch a glint in the eyes of some of the women, and I hope with all my heart the glint remains. For it was very clear in this year's conventions that women not only have a contribution to make to political situations but that they handled matters well.

As for the actual elections, it is certainly true that this year the women got out the woman vote, and I'm not sure but they got some of the more lagging spouses to the school gymnasium or barber shop to vote. As to why they voted in such wise that General Eisenhower was chosen, that is of course anyone's guess. There are the basic reasons—the fearfully high cost of living, the scandals from Washington, the fact that many of these women have relatives in the unending yet half unreal Korean conflict.

I think there were other reasons, and very feminine ones. A woman's way of thinking often follows other formulae than does that of men. *Femmes fatales* are scarce but *femmes domestiques* are plentiful, and they carry that domestic attitude with them everywhere. Men may provide the shelter and food, but women still in great part set the atmosphere of the home. Men build houses; women build homes. They will continue that in politics too, and I think they won't stop once they are sure they are right. Witness for one thing the dogged, patient work of women to get permanent registration in all cities and towns. In New York this has reached legislative halls again and again, and never quite won, since politicians prefer the other way and kill the bill in committee. But it is a losing game. Women have decided to have it and they will. I give the politicians one more year to stop arguing about it.

All in all, the campaign was interesting. As for the women who many years ago tramped all the way to Albany from New York, with boys screeching at them from the sidelines and men laughing fit to burst at sight of the women and their silly banners of "Votes for Women"—they too had a sort of posthumous award in things this year. More women than men voted, so we are told.

The thing to do now is to consolidate our gains, to continue to keep our woman's point of view, which means chiefly voting for what will benefit our children. For so women will always vote and in every land, whether they wear a hat or a shawl, raiment of West or East.

I would like to conclude my brief sermon (of which the text is, obviously, "The ladies—God bless them") with some direct words to the Catholic women among the voters. I wish they would now learn not only to vote but to mingle. Helping children to be better fed and housed, making highways safer, keeping public servants from using public money or contractors from making fortunes with shoddy work, becoming nationally and internationally minded in a high sense—all these things they can accomplish with the help of the vote, and with the help of all other women, not merely those of their own Church.

More Power To You!

SINCE WOMEN have now put a really deep mark in voting, and since a considerable number of them must have been Catholics and voters for both candidates, I hope they keep up the good work of which voting is only one part. A violet is a lovely flower but much more likely to get stepped on than a very visible daffodil or rose. At this state of the world's doings, it is well not to be too shrinking, too afraid that because you join in work with a group not of your Church you will perhaps brush too close to a nonbeliever, even a Communist. There is always the chance that you can convert him, you know.

And learn to speak up when you hear your Church maligned or even thoughtlessly misunderstood. When a Methodist bishop says that parochial schools ought not get public aid and that the "hierachy must not get its prehensile hands on the public treasury," get busy by letter and word and don't leave all defense and argument to the clergy. This I feel sure of: if all Catholic women would unite on this one subject instead of leaving it chiefly to priests, if they would send letters to senators, organize in groups, besiege political organizations, and give other women in general a true picture of what these schools save the taxpayer, we would get results. These political ministers who do all the arguing consider themselves rivals of our clergy; it is the political ministers who keep the hate going; sensible talk to sensible women might well work a change. And if women with votes in their hands come along in sufficient numbers, these men might not sling around such words as "prehensile" (look that one up in your dictionary if you want to get the full insult) at our bishops. I am sure most Protestants don't feel so terribly about this matter and that it is political clergy who keep it going and who write letters to magazines and lecture on the subject. Anyway, I offer this suggestion, for quite obviously we are getting nowhere with the matter at present.

The simple fact is that Catholic women must—the Big Sisters of all three groups learned this long ago—join with women of other faiths in matters that concern the home and children. Nowhere have I heard this better stated than in a fine book recently published by Bruce, *Your Teen Agers,* by Alvena Burnite: "Our share in democracy is worth safeguarding. There is a lethargy which almost borders on the smug. Without help the small groups cannot do the complete job of raising standards, bettering health conditions, or providing equal opportunity for all regardless of race, creed, or color. . . . Become aware of your community's problems and pitch in to help correct the roots of the trouble. The people you help and influence for good are the people with whom you and your children will have to live."

France's Common Man

French Premier Antoine Pinay

Wide World photos

FRANCE has passed through a series of troubles which made 1952 her most critical year since the shattering experiences of the war. The year started with an economic crisis; there followed unrest in Tunisia and Morocco; now the war in Indo-China has taken a turn for the worse. None of these clouds has yet dispersed; and at the same time the country is deeply agitated by a great debate about the European Army Treaty and the merger with Germany which it implies.

But this same year also saw some new and hopeful political developments in France: the Fourth Republic seems to have found governmental stability. The Government of M. Pinay, which took office in February, has almost miraculously survived a whole series of crises and, by splitting the Gaullists, it has lifted the state of siege in which constitutional government in France was held. It has secured parliamentary majorities for resolute financial and economic measures. It showed great courage in grappling frontally with Communist subversion.

The man who heads this remarkable Government, M. Antoine Pinay, was almost unknown in France—and totally unknown abroad—only a year ago. Who is this average-looking Frenchman who at a dark hour stepped forth from nowhere and rallied his countrymen?

At first glance, one can see only a provincial French businessman, rather too prosaic and humdrum to inspire more than a slightly bored respect. But when about to turn away, one hesitates. Has one perhaps overlooked something —something decisive? He may be humdrum as a type, but there is an impression of plain, unflawed strength about him as an individual. He may represent no more than respectability, but he may represent it truly. An essentially middle-class man, he has the bourgeois qualities of common sense, business ability, and plain virtue; and he has not the bourgeois vices of pomposity and self-indulgence.

M. Pinay is a man of sixty-one, rather younger looking, slight, agreeable, and inconspicuous. He is a small industrialist (he owns a tannery with fifty employees) and he was, till he becam Prime Minister and resigned his othe offices, a small-town mayor (his town St. Chamond, is a place of 15,000 souls).

In both capacities he has been quietl successful. His business has always don well. there was no strike in his tanner even in the wild days of 1936: and hi town is a neat little model of municipa administration — cheap working-clas houses, new schools, hospitals, etc.

Pinay is well-off, thrifty, and discree Typically, his suits are made, not i Paris, but "by the best tailor in Lyons." When he takes the waters at Aix for hi rheumatism, he stays, not at the firs class, but at the best second-class hotels He is accessible, modest, polite, an unassuming. At home he answers th telephone himself and, as Premier, h still awaits his turn at the barber's.

He cuts no figure in Paris high so ciety. And he never lobbied for minis terial office. At times of ministeria crises, when others were hopefull crowding around the President's palac he would set off for St. Chamond. I fact, when the President's call came t him to form a Cabinet, he actually ha to be got off the train.

Those who know him say that hi stern character was formed by three seri ous, even somber, experiences. Th first was a childhood under the sway o a remarkable mother—a matriarc spoken of with awe, almost alarm, b her family as the embodiment of th sterner Catholic virtues. The second wa a severe wound suffered in the Firs World War; his shoulder was shattered He has had to live practically the whol of his adult life in acute intermitten pain and has never recovered the full use of his right arm (he can scribble hi name, but cannot write).

The third experience was a tragedy his wife, during his mid-thirties, fel victim to an incurable mental disease His Catholicism and his moral principle forbade either divorce or any irregula alliance. It was this destruction of hi

In Premier Antoine Pinay, the French common man sees a reflection of himself. Pinay is practical, realistic, down to earth. A year ago he was unknown. Today he is hailed as the man who gave France a strong and stable government in a moment of internal weakness

by THE STAFF OF "THE OBSERVER"

private life that set him on his public career.

Until last year, his career was only moderately distinguished. M. Pinay became a Deputy in 1936 and a Senator in 1938. In 1940, he voted with the great majority of French Parliamentarians for the delegation of power to Pétain, and in 1941 he was appointed a member of the Vichy "National Council," which never met. In 1945 he was declared ineligible on this account, but the stigma was almost immediately removed because of his great local prestige as a high-minded mayor.

Since 1946 he has been in Parliament again. In 1948 he became a junior Minister, and since 1950 he held the portfolio of Transport and Public Works in successive Governments. His party position is that of Vice-President of the small conservative party known as *Alliance Democratique,* of which the President is the former Prime Minister, Flandin, himself ineligible for public office. Pinay is on friendly terms with Flandin, but rather resents the latter's attempts to guide his steps and mistrusts his "cleverness."

He himself is wholly free from shallow "cleverness," but he is also lacking in intellectual force and imagination—perhaps his greatest handicap in his present office. He left school—a private Catholic school in St. Chamond—at the age of sixteen. Getting bored with lessons, he asked his parents to allow him to start in business without finishing school.

He has thus never had a higher education; and although he is well read in French classical literature, he has never shown any interest in political or economic theory. His concern, he likes to say, is with what is "concrete and real," not with what is "abstract and theoretical." Moreover, even his "concrete and real" interests are limited by the borders of France. He seldom travels abroad and displays indifference to foreign countries and diplomacy.

What is the secret of his undeniable success? What has, within less than a year, turned an experimental Government, formed without many hopes, into the strongest Government the Fourth Republic has so far had, and an almost unknown politician into an admired, almost legendary, national figure?

M. Pinay's own answer would undoubtedly be: a sensible economic policy. When he was asked how he would define his aims on taking office, there came a series of simple answers, without hesitation: to fight inflation, restore fair prices, get people back into the saving habit, and restore free enterprise. That the Pinay Government has set about this conventional policy with single-mindedness and determination, there can be no doubt. But this alone hardly explains either its success or its prestige, for, even in its own terms, its economic success is still precarious.

Far greater than its economic is its political success, and it is interesting to note that M. Pinay himself seems almost unaware of this. He is not a man of deals and combinations. And yet he has succeeded where expert tacticians have failed again and again. He has broken the deadlock of *immobilisme*—that baneful state of affairs in which coalitions of opposites were kept together only by doing nothing. He has created something almost approaching a two-party system in France. And he has for the first time established the authority of the Government vis-à-vis the Assembly.

His astonishing success has been called "the Waterloo of Machiavelli and the triumph of Candide." But Pinay, though certainly no Machiavelli, has besides courage and rectitude a native shrewdness, deep enough to be practically unconscious. He has an instinctive feeling for what will and will not "go" with his countrymen; an understanding which works far more precisely than the clever mental acrobatics of the mere tacticians. It is all part of his unusual straightness of character and mind.

"I never asked to be Premier," he said recently. "I see the question very simply: I am there to carry out a policy. If there is to be a different policy, I shall not be there." The notable thing is that he is unquestioningly and justly believed when he says this.

Then there is his strong loyalty to his colleagues and subordinates; his hard, unsparing work; and his courage, shown over and over again, whether in grasping the Communist nettle, in taking firm action in Tunisia, or in snubbing America (all these actions were Pinay's own, taken without seeking previous Cabinet backing).

Finally, there is a natural sense of authority and leadership about him, curiously blending with his personal ordinariness. The French common man can look at M. Pinay, alternately and almost simultaneously, as a man very like himself—and as a father figure.

Premier Pinay awaits the outcome of a confidence vote

For Better-For Worse

All marriages are bound to have their trying moments, but it is the rough spots that make us appreciate the wonderful good in every union

by JEAN HARNETT

ALTHOUGH I admitted to myself when I was seventeen that I intended to get married, I never considered the role of a wife a full-time job. In fact, until I was introduced to Charlie Harnett at a school dance, I gave no thought to marriage beyond a romantic picture of myself as a bride in clouds of tulle. A husband was to be a pleasant addition to my lifework as a nurse or perhaps a great actress or maybe a scientist. So, having referred the matter to St. Joseph for heaven's approval, I kept my eyes open for "Mr. Right." I met him; I married him. A traditional bride, I became a traditional little woman and loved it.

As to my lifework—now and then I am a nurse, as is any wife; my acting is limited to bedtime stories for our young; and my only science is domestic. I am too busy and too contented with marriage and motherhood to try and squeeze in a side line. Charlie is a whole family contained in one person. He gives me the security I had with my mother, the protection of my father, and the companionship of my brothers and sisters. He is, most of all, my husband. There do not seem to be words to describe the oneness we realize as Mr. and Mrs. Harnett. I suppose it is a sample of the happiness we are promised we will have in heaven when we achieve unity with God.

I know loads of words, however, to tell of the fun we have going visiting together or just sitting home reading and watching "tel." As we both have the same type of humor, we can get very silly over a book we have read. Sometimes we amuse ourselves by acting out the chapters that appealed to us.

There is one story that made a special hit. It was a historical novel wherein a tough barbarian named "Agowulf" spent his whole life pursuing a ravishing redhead called "Theodolinda." It struck us so funny that we started calling each other "Ago" and "Theo." Now, when Charlie opens the door and shouts "Theodolinda," that is my signal to drop what I am doing and dash frantically to his side, howling "Agowulf." It is a stupid game, but we enjoy it.

There are other games we don't enjoy, like the one called "pressing Charlie's trousers." When we were first married, it was a matter of pride with me to check over my spouse's clothes and keep them in good condition. I can remember our arguing over which of us should press his suits. He did not want my dainty hands doing such menial work, while I insisted it was one of my duties as a wife. I wanted to be a good wife in every way. Things are different now—we argue the other way round. But I still know that it is one of my wifely chores to see that his wardrobe is in order. If I am weary of the ironing board—well, that was one of the obligations I put on with my wedding ring. Marriage is not for sissies.

My charm, such as it is, may have won his love. Hard work and personal sacrifice will hold it. After all, if I love Charlie, I should want to make sacrifices for his sake—that's what love is. That is the magic formula which would make the world go round in peace. The catch comes in recalling it on time.

Because often there is more than just doing what we don't want to; there is ugliness in this world and there is sorrow. I think all of us have our share of trouble. We are all human, and humans can make mistakes. There may be occasions when we want to walk out on the whole mess and make our way to heaven alone. Those are the days to remember what love really is. All walks of life have their disappointments. An actress can fail in a play, but she tries another one; a nurse can lose a case, but does she stop the nursing she trained for? Even the Sisters in the convent must have pangs of regret for having denied themselves all the pleasures to be had from a family. So what are we wives to do? Run home to Mama at the very moment we have a chance to be of most use?

Mr. and Mrs. Harnett and their four daughters, (l to r) Mary Jane, Kathleen, Carolyn, and Dorothy

As my lawfully wedded mate says, we are like a team of horses hauling the same load. I do not enjoy being compared to a horse, but the simile strikes me as too apt to discard for personal reasons. As long as we both pull our wagon in unison we have no trouble. But should one of us be distracted along the way, should one of us tire and ease up on our side, should one of us balk and decide to take another route, the entire burden would fall on the other, which is not fair but does happen. That seems to me a good description of marriage. It is the little distractions, the rub of the harness, the worry that my partner will not do his share that keeps me pulling my hardest and assuming that my better half is trying just as diligently.

WE can face a large problem with more grace than we can accept the irritating nightly snores of a beloved. We will both tug earnestly to toil up a mountain but are liable to stumble over a pebble on the other side. Charlie and I have withstood debt, war, and illness with enough sense of humor to keep our balance. Yet there was almost a breakup of our marriage over the color of the living room walls. . . . (P. S. We compromised.)

I promised God to love Charlie for better or for worse. In that promise lies the security of a Catholic marriage. Nobody ever said that life was meant to be a round of laughter. There are bad spots as well as good. If there were no bad we might never appreciate the good. When Charlie was in the Navy during the last war, I felt as lost as I had when, as a little girl, I would lose my mother's hand in a crowd. We were both miserable while he was away, but if he had not gone we would never have had the extra joy of being together again when the war was over.

I am prejudiced in thinking that marriage is full of more good than bad. Married, I have a companion to share my whole life with me. I have a most enthusiastic audience for my jokes, my outfits, and my ideas (for that last, not always so enthusiastic). My executive instincts are satisfied with the job of running a home. Am I not vice-president of a constantly growing organization, our family?

That thin gold band on my left ring finger has endowed me with courage and authority. I was a bride of one year when I learned that the title of "Mrs." was a symbol of maturity to others as well as to myself. As Charlie's beloved, my self-confidence had swollen to unbelievable heights but no one had asked me to prove my new assurance, until one snowy January day when the little girl next door rang my doorbell. "Mrs. Harnett," said she, "the boys are throwing snowballs at us. Will you make them go away?" What a predicament! A tall, meek-looking creature, I had spent the better part of every winter conjuring up ways to appear less like the perfect target which the small boys found me. Now here was a seven-year-old confidently expecting me to expose myself to the lions and fearlessly to order them away.

I looked at Ann. Ann waited for me and I did the necessary. Mrs. Charles A. Harnett, Jr. trembled to the edge of the stoop, masking her terror with a firm voice, "Boys, get out of here and leave these children alone." Magic of marriage—the plaguing hurlers hung their heads and departed. Ann and I exchanged smug womanly smiles and separated—she to her play and I to the protection of our living room where I spent the rest of the afternoon gloating over the miracle of my victory.

That is, perhaps, a slight instance, but it was my first realization of the power I could wield as a matron. And if this power should sometimes go to my head, I have on hand four little and one large deflators who can very effectively prove to me that authority is worthless unless tempered with wisdom.

Family life gives me many opportunities for creative accomplishments which are greeted with an admiration that is very comforting to a mother's ego. The artist in me can develop in a number of ways. I can be my own decorator, my own dress designer, my own caterer.

As a woman, my maternal desires are fulfilled because Charlie and I, with God, have the privilege of producing the only immortal works in the world—that is an important title for our babies. The Lord has been very kind to most of us women who marry. He provides us with a good-natured male to endure our ill temper and to respond to our gaiety. He tops this off by sending us children. Then He lets us have the fun of watching them grow up and of teaching them our Catholic ideals.

Sometimes the children turn the tables on us and remind us of our place in the world. We were in a fine state of confusion one suppertime. The children were particularly demanding for jelly, mustard, ketchup, all of which I had negelected to set on the table. One of them spilled her milk—I wiped it up. The baby wanted her special spoon and only Mommy could get it for her. Tired of shuttling from dining room to kitchen while my own dinner cooled, I groaned in a martyred voice, "What do you think I am around here, anyway, some sort of servant?" Then, Carolyn, our tempestuous nine-year-old, floored us with her return, "Aren't we all servants of God?" A credit to her catechism teacher is our Carolyn.

Yet that is, I guess, one of the first things we all learn in school and one of the first facts we face as soon as we graduate. It is a truth we can't escape. The fairy princess in stories married the handsome prince and lived happily ever after. I am no fairy princess, but I did find my own handsome prince. We know that on earth we cannot live happily ever after. We ask only to live together—as "servants of God" here and keeping Him company later. We will find our joy in doing what is right and our happiness in doing it together.

by **DON DUNPHY**

Paddy DeMarco

WONDER when lightweight champion Jimmy Carter is going to give Paddy DeMarco his long-deserved crack at the title? Paddy has been a leading challenger for the crown for several years but seems to get the well-known go-by when title matches are thought of. The fiery fighter has had to sit idly by while Carter has defended the diadem against coast fighters like Art Aragon and Lauro Salas.

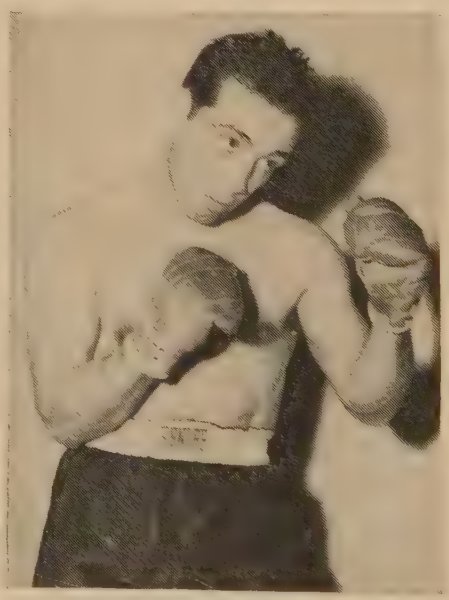
Fighters are too prone to hide behind commission edicts requiring them to defend their titles every six months. This rule is often violated, and at other times it is breached by the hand-picking of opponents. If boxing is to survive and flourish, it will be because of better matches, and better matches will result from more title defenses. Maybe title defenses should be demanded every three months instead of twice a year.

DeMarco has long rated a shot at the lightweight title, but the closest he has come to a title match is watching it on television. Mind you, we're not saying that DeMarco is a better fighter than Carter. We don't know how such a match would turn out. But we do feel that any fighter who has been one of the best in his division for several years rates a shot at the purple.

DeMarco suffered a knee injury during the summer, and this hindered him in defeats by Arthur King and Orlando Zulueta. The King setback snapped a long winning streak by the boy from Brooklyn. But he bounced back with a fine win over the highly touted coast fighter, Henry Davis. It was a big win for Paddy, restoring both his confidence and his high rating. It was a typical DeMarco fight, with the tough youngster from across the bridge taking charge early and bulling and billy-goating his way to victory.

Paddy, who made his Madison Square Garden debut in 1946, was born in Brooklyn on February 10, 1929. Like so many other good fighters, he began his career in the amateurs but didn't spend much time there. Family need for money caused him to turn professional in 1945. He has lost only seven of seventy-two fights. Too young for service during the war, he took a job as a machinist's helper in the Navy Yard. Opponents call Paddy tough to beat because of his perpetual-motion style. He wears them down. Paddy is married and has a two-year-old daughter, Patricia.

Out of the ring, Paddy is a direct antithesis of his ring self. He is quiet, well spoken, and unobtrusive. Except that he fancies himself a singer of sorts (please don't drop a hat) and plays several musical instruments. The ambitious youngster is managed by Jimmy Dixson.



PADDY DEMARCO
Should get a shot at the title

The Middleweight Division

Another division that is fast going to rust is the middleweight division. This is because champion Ray Robinson is torn in three directions. He doesn't know whether he wants to be middleweight king, light heavyweight king, or king of the actors. In fairness to Ray, may we state that there is a lot of logic in whichever course he may take. He is certainly the best of the middleweights, and on a certain torrid night last summer he was also the best of the light heavyweights until he collapsed from the heat while leading Joey Maxim for the heavier crown. And as for being an actor, there is a lot to that too. Ray is an exceptionally fine performer, as he has proved in a New York hot spot.

The action of the New York State Athletic Commission in vacating Robinson's middleweight title may bring matters to a head, but the outcome is not known as we go to press.

Most Valuable Player

No one can argue with the selection of Bobby Shantz as the most valuable player in the American League in 1952. The diminutive southpaw was without question the greatest individual performer in the loop. But the selection of Hank Sauer as M.V.P. in the National League is certainly open to question. There have been many arguments over most valuable players in the past, but never has there been the eyebrow lifting that there was over the selection of Sauer, the Chicago Cubs outfielder.

Of course, Sauer is a good ball player. As leader in home runs and runs batted in, he had to be good. But was he the best? Was he better than the two men whom he nosed out for the honor in the close balloting, Robin Roberts, who won twenty-seven games for the Phillies or Joe Black, whose great relief pitching saved the pennant for the Brooklyn Dodgers? Or was he better than Stan Musial, perennial great of the St. Louis Cardinals, who led the league in batting and whether he played first base or the outfield was one of the great glove men of the league? If you are an avid fan, ask yourself if you had your choice of those four men for your team, would you pick Sauer? We doubt it.

Our choice would be Musial and then Roberts and then Black, but as Joe Williams, Sports Editor of the *New York World-Telegram* put it, the baseball men are probably so used to Stan the Man and his feats that they are prone to take him for granted. Mr. Williams also says that the method of selecting the M.V.P. should be subject to review. It is done by a committee from the Baseball Writers Association, composed of three men from each major-league city. They select ten men, with their first choice getting the most points, the second the next most, and so on down to the tenth who gets one point. One committeeman didn't consider Black good enough to get on his ballot at all! In other words, according to him, Brooklyn's great relief artist wasn't even one of the ten best players of the league. He must have been looking at some other league all year.

Drayton and Racing

We thought you might like to know something about one of our outstanding Catholic laymen who has been as active in Catholic circles as he has been renowned in the world of sport. The gentleman is Spencer Drayton, Executive Secretary of the Thoroughbred Racing Association and President of the T.R.A. Protective Bureau.

What prompted us to write these few words is the fact that Mr. Drayton, along with several other well-known Catholics, was signally honored for Catholic Action last September when he became a Papal Knight, in the Order of Knights of the Sepulcher. He was in good company that morning at St. Patrick's Cathedral when he received the award from Cardinal Spellman. Others so honored at the time were Bishop Fulton Sheen, Attorney General James McGranery, sports editor Arch Ward, singer Perry Como, and TV and screen actor Bill Gargan.

As head of the Protective Bureau of the T.R.A., the watchdog of horse racing, Spencer Drayton has been a real boon to the sport of kings. His zeal in carrying out the important duties of his office has put racing on the high plane it is on today, for during the six years he has been in his present capacity there has been a sharp diminution of cases detrimental to racing.

Drayton joined the T.R.A. in January of 1946, and in 1947 formed and became President of the Protective Bureau. It is this latter organization which makes the T.R.A. effective and which helps keep racing clean.

Before the advent of Drayton on the racing scene, ringer, stimulation, and sponging cases were numerous at practically every track in the country. In case you are not familiar with racing jargon, a "ringer" is a good horse substituted for a poorer one in a specific race. "Ringers" offered an ideal way for an unscrupulous owner or trainer to clean up in a betting coup. For instance, let us say owner A has a very inferior horse that is beaten handily

SPENCER DRAYTON
Foe of crooks at the tracks

time and again. Naturally, the odds on such a horse keep going up. Then one day when the odds are say 40 or 50 to 1 against his horse, the dishonest owner substitutes a very good horse that looks exactly like the other animal. He then bets a bundle on the equine which wins the race handily. Pretty neat, eh?

Well, that's out the window now. To beat it, Drayton inaugurated the infallible tattooing of horses to identify them. Since that time there has not been one ringer case at any of the thirty-seven tracks affiliated with the T.R.A. The tattooing, by the way, is done on the horse's upper lip, and every horse racing at a T.R.A. track must have such identification. Incidentally, 36,000 horses have been tattooed.

In stimulation cases, horses are stimulated or hopped up to cause them to perform better than they normally would. In the first year of Drayton's guidance of T.R.A., there were thirty-five stimulation cases. In 1952, there were fifteen reported. Detection here is aided by saliva tests of the winners of every race and sometimes of other horses picked at random.

Sponging, or the sticking of small sponges up a horse's nose to cause him to lose, has all but disappeared.

While Drayton's organization is primarily concerned with its thirty-seven member tracks, nevertheless, for the good of all racing and for its own protection, it is quick to investigate reports of anything injurious to racing anywhere in the country.

Spencer Drayton was born in Boston and educated at Ben Franklin College in Washington, D.C. There he majored in accounting, which was to stand him in good stead when he joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The training and experience he received with that organization have naturally been invaluable in his present capacity. Spencer was with the F.B.I. for fourteen years, resigning to become Vice-President of Grant Advertising in Chicago. His advertising career was very brief, lasting but four months. The opportunity to go with T.R.A. came along and it would seem that it was a good break for both of them.

With his lovely wife Ella and three children, Spencer, Allan, and Carol, Mr. Drayton lives in Brookville, Long Island.

Football Formations

Just a football note before we close. The cycle seems to have come all the way around again. We're talking now about football formations. The T formation seems to have passed its peak and it may be on the way out.

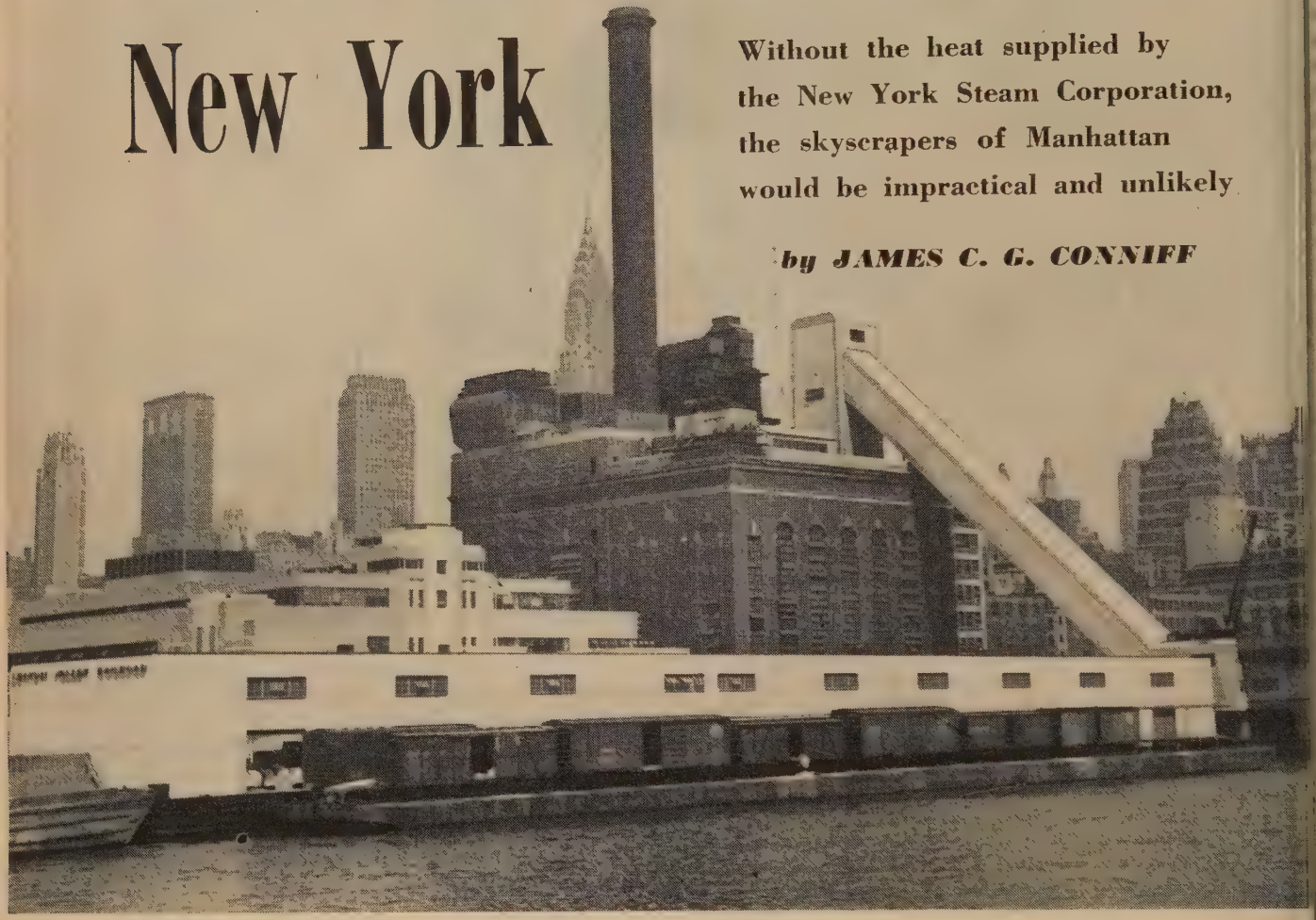
It's like that in the gridiron sport. If a formation is successful everybody tries it, and it sweeps the land. But as in war, the defense always seems to catch up to the attack, and they have to try something else. Back around 1939, George Halas with the Chicago Bears and Clark Shaughnessy at Stanford University came up with the "T." They murdered their opponents, and the bandwagon rush was on as almost everyone started using it. Incidentally, it may surprise some to learn that the T was not new then but was one of the oldest of football deployments. However, it had been forgotten.

Halas and Shaughnessy brushed it up and refined it and they were off to the races. But it has had its day in the sun, and now the swing seems to be back to the single wing which must make old Pop Warner laugh, for he always said the T wouldn't last. Pop himself was the inventor of the single wing attack, which was so popular just before the T came back. Other formations have had their heyday too, have flourished for awhile, and then have all but petered out. But they usually come back too, after a while. Such as the double wing, the Rockne or Notre Dame system, and the short kick formation. They'll be back too, and I'll bet around 1980 or so some enterprising young coach will burst out with the T again. He'll win a lot of games and the rush will be on all over.

The Steam that Heats New York

Without the heat supplied by the New York Steam Corporation, the skyscrapers of Manhattan would be impractical and unlikely

by ***JAMES C. G. CONNIFF***



THE old industrial gag of sending a new man for a bucket of steam is not considered funny around the East River generating plants of the New York Steam Corporation. Old hands have too much respect for the sole product of their 69-year-old firm. Without it and the 75-mile system of high-pressure subterranean steel mains, two feet in diameter, that carry it to customers, New York as it stands today would have to be abandoned in winter, from upper Central Park to the tip of Manhattan, as almost completely uninhabitable by human beings.

More than 16,000,000,000 tons of steam, at around a dollar a thousand pounds, are marketed each year to all buildings forty stories or more in height, and to some smaller ones like St. Patrick's Cathedral. This takes over 250,000,000 cubic feet of pure drinking water, which must be made even purer, chemically, for the delicate steel throats of the enormous generating boilers and intake tubes. You could float five "Queen Marys" in that much water.

This invisible giant, capable of heating at an even 72° F. a million-room house all year, writhes out under New York at a temperature of 370° F., carrying pressures as high as 175 pounds to the square inch. This was the end-product of more than a million tons of coal boulders which batteries of the biggest and most powerful steel grinding-mills on earth had reduced to talcum powder for instantaneous ignition at the rate of a couple of seconds per ton.

So important is New York Steam to New York that when they were planning to build the Empire State Building, the engineers of that 1,252-foot colossus had to check with the steam officials first. Any structure more than forty stories high would be impractical if it weren't for New York Steam, because the enormous boilers required would overflow the basement, and the size chimney needed, in an Empire State Building, for example, would be the same as rearing a huge smokestack on Fifth Avenue. You can't collect rent on a smokestack.

The colder it gets, the more steam people buy. In the twinkling of a thermometer drop, New York Steam is responsible for supplying heat instantly to more than 2000 skyscrapers, hotels, and apartment buildings.

Gallantry and commercial pride mingle in the hearts of Steam officials when they ponder how the same live steam that is used to smooth the ice on the rink in Rockefeller Plaza also serves to keep the famed Rockettes warm on the stage in Radio City Music Hall. In rare moments of levity, they talk about what the suspension of their service

ould do to Gotham's Turkish baths. ut their main brag is that of all the eople who talk about the weather, ew York Steam is the only outfit pre- ared to do anything about it before it appens. In winter their boilers are eady to tackle a blizzard as much as wenty-four hours before it's due.

It's all done with buttons. From a ommand post in the Waterside Station ear 41st Street, shielded from the re- ote possibility of accident by thick eel walls into which his control panels re set, a Steam Pressure Operator Fore- an co-ordinates the whole complex stem. He gets hourly weather reports om hundreds of miles away in all di- ections. These forecasts he carefully orrelates with the accurate daily, even our-to-hour knowledge of the city's eeds that he has gained in years at the uttons. He then checks a comparison hart for weather conditions and steam ads during the same season for pre- eding years. If a blow or a blizzard is oving in from upstate, for example, is crisp commands flick out to a battery f assistants who flip switches, punch uttons, twist knobs, and peer expertly gauges on the two steel walls of the ng, narrow nerve-center of Steam.

In the control-rooms of the other gen- rating plants (all, with the exception f the dual station at 59th and 60th treets, romantically named from the istory of old New York: Burling Slip owntown, and Kips Bay at 34th) those gnals are caught by alert eyes and anslated into heavier doses of pow- ered coal and richer sluices of pre- eated water for the immense steel oilers and furnaces, as pressure is built p to meet the storm.

One of the comforts of belonging to the big Consolidated Edison family (Steam has been a subsidiary since 1929) is the reciprocal arrangement Steam has with the electric company. When the threat of a temperature drop comes before dawn or anytime up to early afternoon, Steam is free to draw on the steam-reserves of the electricity generating turbines. This is possible because the heaviest drain on electricity is around five-thirty in the afternoon, just when least steam is needed in office buildings. At that time, the electric company borrows back from Steam.

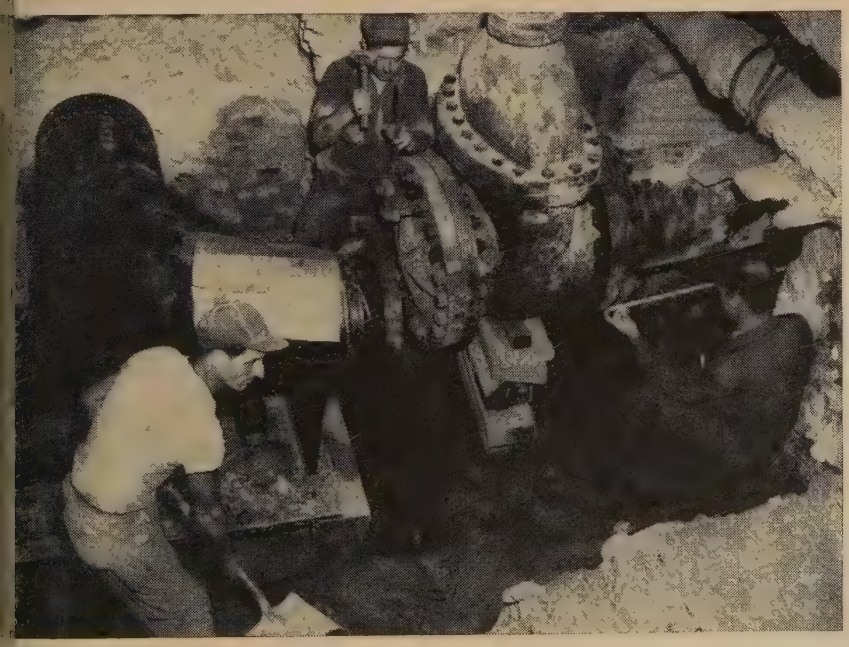
IN the streets of Manhattan, underfoot from the Battery to 92nd Street and across town from the East River to the Hudson, the chain of approximately 4,500 cast-iron perforated manhole covers with the plumes of steam eddying from them marks Steam's subterranean command. They are the principal outward sign of the great drama the company plays in the life of New York and also the cause of its biggest headaches from the public.

The company is very much on the minds of some of New York's citizens, all of whom know vaguely that it exists and entertain some weird ideas about it. Very little boys trotting in from play with the seats of their snowsuits wet have cleverly blamed it on a "leaky" manhole cover of the Steam Corporation. Timid old ladies, muttering threats of a lawsuit, have waited fretfully for the street "geysers" of vapor to subside so that they might cross in safety, then have gone to the cop on the beat with demands that he either shut off the steam immediately or arrest the men who are responsible for it.

Seldom in their dealings with Steam's operation do people get that dangerously close to its workings. The steel pipes that carry the stuff are themselves wrapped in two feet of mineral wool and concrete, then buried an average seven feet under the pavement. Even on its entering a building there is no chance of the steam's parboiling anybody, because a series of valves reduces the terrific pressures that enable it to move so fast through the mains.

Still, the public likes to imagine its slightest brush with New York Steam has been a close shave. The company's officers have been under attack from irate mothers insisting that vapor from the utility's mains, escaping in the vicinity of a skip-rope convention, has ruined new wave settings in their little girls' hair.

An East Side harridan once tried to implicate Steam's top brass in a federal rap when the postal authorities tagged her for fiddling in broad daylight with the neighbors' mail via steam issuing from a manhole cover in the middle of the street; she had the gall to name Steam an accomplice, probably with some warped notion in mind about clemency for turning State's evidence. The only part of these trials that bothers Steam is the notion that what the public sees rising from Manhattan streets is real steam leaking from the company's mains. There are no leaks, it insists. What greets the eye is only vapor arising from the condensation of moisture that trickles down the manholes and comes into contact with mains and feeder lines through tiny cracks in the two-foot-thick insulation.



Steam mains, constructed to withstand pressures up to 250 pounds per square inch, supply heat to over 2000 buildings

In New York there are 75 miles of steam mains and service pipes

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER

R. Marlin Perkins presides over NBC-TV's informative "Zoo Parade," but the real stars of the program are the various zoo inhabitant

The Amateur Hour

Fans and followers of Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* will be interested to know that a record amount of protest mail has been received by stations all over the country since the series was discontinued on both radio and TV.

The show has been off the air several months, but the mail continues to pour in and listeners and viewers in some cities have even taken full-page ads in the local newspapers, demanding the show's return.

Meanwhile, Ted Mack is doing personal appearances all over the country with various "Amateur Hour" vaudeville units, thus keeping busy and plenty solvent. He had five sponsors ready to return the program to the air at last count, but all wanted it cut to thirty minutes. Ted's holding out for a full hour, forty-five minutes at the very least, and a return could happen any time.

Incidentally, some people are under the impression that the *Original Amateur Hour* is owned by the Archdiocese of New York (Cardinal Spellman). This is not so. Major Edward Bowes, the creator of the "Hour," willed his estate to the Archdiocese, and Ted Mack merely asked Cardinal Spellman's permission—a formality—to return the show to the air after the Major's death. Permission was granted, of course, and, in appreciation, Mack and his group have held a yearly benefit for Cardinal Spellman's New York Foundling Home ever since.

Paulist Broadcasting

Like everybody else, I get so tied up in domestic broadcasting I frequently forget there's considerable going on elsewhere, too.

Japan, for example.

There's an upsurge in radio interest throughout the Empire these days, as a result of the launching this past March of the St. Paul Broadcasting Corporation in Tokyo.

Run by the Fathers of the Society of St. Paul, the SPBC's key station is in the Japanese capital and a network of other SPBC stations is now under construction, to stretch from end to end of Nippon in direct competition with the only other radio network, which is government-controlled.

Housed in a $150,000 new building in Tokyo, the Paulists' SPBC is headed by Father Paul Marcellino, Paulist Provincial in Japan, who was jailed as a foreign spy during the war, and Father John Chiesa, who directs station operations. The SPBC station staff of 100 Catholic and pagan Japanese handles fifteen hours of radio programming daily, American-style, commercials and everything.

The only diversion from this consists of special daily broadcasts of Catholic news, frankly and openly aimed at adding to the total of Japan's 150,000 Catholics in a total population of 83,000,000.

Now that its radio network is underway, after a long-drawn-out struggle with the Government for permission, the SPBC is planning a TV operation which will be launched in less than a year.

Zoo Parade

One hears rumors and reports about educational TV, per se, on all sides these days, and it will arrive eventually and eventually revolutionize our educational system, too.

I have the idea, however, that in the future, as now, some of the best and most educational programs will be those not directly intended as such, and I submit NBC-TV's *Zoo Parade*, Sunday at 5 P.M., E.S.T., as an outstanding current example of this type of offering and very possibly the finest educational series on television today.

Zoo Parade is presided over by R. Marlin Perkins, the director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, with the aid of announcer Jim Hurlbut, but the real stars are the various zoo inhabitants: lions, tigers, elephants, assorted birds, monkeys, and snakes, to mention a few.

Perkins' format is simple. He avoids trick photography and all musical or special effects and uses no props. He merely presents the various animals on camera, states their name, origin, natural habitat and habits, and relates

any interesting peculiarities. Perkins' well-modulated voice has the ring of authority and, although a true scientist at heart, he has a keen understanding of popular interests and tastes and avoids "sophistication" like the plague.

The results, I assure you, represent some of the very finest television on the air today, excellent fare for every member of the family and all at the same time.

Announcer Hurlbut, by the way, is in a constant dither on this series, since he's ill at ease with nearly all animals and deathly afraid of most. It's all Perkins can do to hold him down when snakes are scheduled for the program.

Amos 'N' Andy

A well-known story has been kicking around broadcasting for years, to the effect that the first thing the great Marconi tuned in when he invented the wireless was *Amos 'n' Andy*.

The "boys," Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, have been around a long time, of course, but not quite that long. Actually and factually, they're now in their twenty-fifth season of continuous radio and recently completed their ten-thousandth program on CBS, a phenomenal number.

But they're tired—Correll is sixty-two, Gosden, fifty-three—filthy rich, and "we don't have greasepaint in our blood," so are most anxious to quit.

A recent, premature announcement that they'd retire after this year was met with furious public protest, however, and the boys are now reconsidering. Their network, CBS, is also pouring on the pressure, but it's my bet that they won't stick very much longer, and, with them, will pass a real bit of Americana, along with more than 190 characters, "Lightnin'," "The Kingfish," etc., that they created.

Give *Amos 'n' Andy* another year, at most.

Hillbilly Radio

Another of radio's oldest shows, *The Grand Ole Opry*, marked off a milestone recently, with the observance of its twenty-seventh anniversary.

Nearly five million persons have visited Nashville, Tenn., to see the "Opry" since its initial broadcast in 1925, and Nashville has become the folk-music capital of America because of it.

In this connection, *Grand Ole Opry* is considered by musical authorities to be one of the most valuable cultural contributions broadcasting has made, in the sense that it has collected and preserved an American art form, one of the very few we can muster.

Strangely enough, Nashville was

(*Continued on page 76*)

COMO HONORED—Perry Como, CBS-TV singing star, named "the personality of 1952 in show business" by Washington Variety Club.

UNRUFFLED? NOT SO—Red Skelton is really worried stiff by the declining rating of his TV series and is planning drastic changes.

TALENTED, TOO! — Beautiful Doris Day, honored by Hollywood Women's Press Club as one of year's most co-operative performers.

TOP-RATED — Comedienne Joan Davis is the unpredictable "Joan" of successful NBC-TV husband-and-wife series, "I Married Joan."

Gosden and Correll, who recently presented their ten-thousandth CBS program

Ivan Mestrovic

Fighting Sculptor

Referred to as "the greatest living sculptor," Ivan Mestrovic made art history with his one-man show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art

by GEORGE A. CEVASCO

RECENTLY. Marshal Tito extended a warm invitation to the world-famous Yugoslav sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, now living in the United States, to return to his native land. Mestrovic of course refused.

According to reports, Tito told Joe Davidson, who was making his bust, "Tell Mestrovic not to be a fool. Tell him that his studio is intact. Nothing has been destroyed. Tell him to come back." It seems to be a fact that Mestrovic's studio and works are intact and respected.

But the master of Yugoslavia would not rest with such simple refusals. He appealed to Mestrovic's patriotism, to his professional pride as a sculptor. He even went as far as suggesting that Mestrovic could visit Yugoslavia incognito.

However, the regime wanted to assemble all of Mestrovic's work in one great national museum, perhaps for propaganda purposes, and present it to the world as Yugoslavia's contribution to her nationalism, as well as to world culture. Here they were maybe on common ground, because many years ago Mestrovic willed a big part of his works to his native land, Croatia.

Tito might not know much about art, but he does know that Mestrovic is frequently referred to as "the greatest living sculptor;" that his work was shown in dozens of exhibitions in all the principal cities of Europe before he was thirty-one-years old; that not too long ago he made art history with his *one-man show* at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an honor never bestowed upon any other living artist in the impressive history of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Claimed by modernists as one of their own, though his art is less extreme than the distorted or abstract pieces of many of his contemporaries, and acknowledged by traditionalists as belonging to their company, the work and the influence of Mestrovic are difficult to describe. Like all great art, his cannot be classified. In it are elements of the art of Egypt, of Assyria, of Greece, and Rome; yet, it is absolutely modern and original.

He is both a carver and a modeler. He has produced every kind of sculpture from portrait busts to huge architectural schemes. He works in wood, stone, bronze, and in addition to sculpture, he paints, engraves, and lithographs. A modernist who still works in the classical tradition, in a style that has varied through the years, he is universally respected by critics. He has been praised not only for his craftsmanship and impassioned romanticism, but for his very genius.

Born in 1883 at Vrpolje in the plains of Croatia, young Ivan came as a child with his parents to their native Otavice on the Croatian plateau overlooking the Adriatic Sea. He spent his youth tending his father's sheep. His mother was a deeply religious woman and her influence no doubt accounts for the religious character of so much of his work. The artist's father was likewise deeply religious. As the only literate man in the village, his father spent long hours reading Ivan the Bible, epic poetry, and religious pamphlets published by the St. Jerome Society of Zagreb. Unquestionably, the first condition of a proper understanding of the art of Mestrovic is his religion.

His father also encouraged him to carve domestic implements and small figures of wood and stone, as he had done when he was a boy. The first figures young Mestrovic carved were religious subjects—crucifixes and Madonnas. These soon aroused some comment, and "the carving boy of the mountains" was mentioned in a local newspaper. Soon thereafter some neighboring monks commissioned him to make a devotional carving. They were well pleased with the result, but Mestrovic was not. He knew he had much to learn.

In 1900 he left home in search of a teacher. Arriving in Vienna, a poor, raw, and bewildered student, he discovered his reputation had preceded him. "We want no Balkan prodigies here," one pompous art master greeted his efforts. Mestrovic's climb to fame was arduous and filled with disappointments. Finally, he was admitted to the Kunstakademie. He proved a brilliant student and even won a stipend for his lessons in an open competition.

FIVE years later he moved to Paris. It was not long before he attracted the attention of Rodin, another great sculptor. They became close friends and kept in touch with each other until Rodin's death. Mestrovic always greatly respected Rodin and valued his friendship. Rodin, in turn, is quoted as having said, "Mestrovic is the greatest phenomenon in sculpture."

From 1911 to 1914 Mestrovic studied art at the Vatican. In 1912 he first received universal acclaim for his exhibits in the Serbian Pavilion at the International Exhibition held in Rome and won the first prize as sculptor.

Then for twenty-five years he taught his technique to sculpture students who came from all over the world to his studio at Zagreb. When Yugoslavia was taken over by the Fascists, Mestrovic was jailed for pro-allied sympathies. He was not a man to remain neutral or compromise his beliefs.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO teaches at Notre Dame College of Staten Island, N. Y. He has written articles for *America*, the *Catholic World*, and other publications.

In a Nazi prison camp he started a sketch for his famous *Pietà*, which was not finished until years after the war. In Carrara marble, over eight feet high, weighing five and one half tons, this *Pietà* has been called "the greatest piece of religious sculpture since Michelangelo." Notice its powerful appeal, strength combined with tenderness, and the intricate rhythms of the figures and their draperies. Notice, moreover, the dominating figure of Our Lord.

After his release from prison was secured through the intercession of the Vatican by his friend and fellow patriot, Archbishop Stepinac, Mestrovic took refuge in Switzerland. When Yugoslavia was liberated in 1945 and the Communist minority headed by Tito assumed power, the artist chose exile. He naturally opposed Communism just as forcefully as he resisted Fascism. As a free man, he could see little difference.

Interested in expressing the national unity of his native land, Mestrovic was instrumental in forming a group of artists dedicated to this end. Though the Catholic tradition of Croatia was pre-eminent, his patriotism also has provided great inspiration; for much of his own art has been influenced by his undying patriotism. Along with the crucifixes and Madonnas, he carved with his rustic knife when he was a boy, are the figures of Croatian patriots.

And just as Mestrovic has continually produced devotional art, he has also worked on heroic sculptures shaped by the leading figures from the Serbo-Croat national poetry such as: Kraljevic Marko and others. Many of these are from pre-Ottoman Balkan history. They are produced in a style that can be described as combining somewhat strained Michelangelesque poses with rugged surfaces, along with archaistic simplifications of form and linearizing of detail.

For most of the world these figures are the revelation of an inspired plastic artist. To his people they are expressions in epic form of the constant struggle of the Serbian and Croatian peoples for freedom.

Anyone familiar with the turbulent history of the Balkans knows of the conflicts which the native people have had with various foreign overlords. Tradition has it that the artist's grandfather, also named Ivan, was the first-known man of the Mestrovic family who did not die fighting against an oppressor, though he too was always a fighter and leader in the cause of liberty.

At the end of the First World War, the sculptor, with two other patriots, helped form a Yugoslav Committee. The Committee, which later included many other men interested in the freedom of the Slav people, devoted itself to the creation of a southern Slavic union. They achieved the liberation of the Slavic people in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, formed a confederacy with the peoples of Serbia and Montenegro, and their new nation, Yugoslavia, was born.

Mestrovic was elected to the Parliament but resigned. Preferring to take his place as a citizen, he also refused a nomination to the Senate. Having helped his people achieve national independence, he resisted all efforts to drag him into political life. Events have continually raised Mestrovic to the stature of a major political figure.

Mestrovic, the patriot, is devoted to his country's cause of freedom, but he is not a politician. He was, of course, a very prominent citizen and always an outspoken one. Never has he hesitated to express his beliefs. In sculpture he continues to sing the heroic songs of his people, feeling that such is his task and not politics.

How could Mestrovic, such a patriot and deeply religious man, live in a Communistic land? He was finally persuaded to come to the United States. Here, at Syracuse University, he is still teaching and carrying on his work, hoping for the day he can return to his native land.

Now, as he is growing old, he is drawing almost exclusively upon the great Christian themes that have been his greatest inspiration through life. Though he is not given to writing or speaking about the religious phase of his art, a significant phrase occurs in a short monograph which he wrote on Michelangelo. "The artist must have a profound and slowly ripening conviction," he wrote, " and no work of art can live without some religious conception."

Mestrovic implicitly believes in art as a thorough expression of man's spiritual nature: something a dictator could hardly be expected to understand.

His Catholic mind, moreover, has shown him that art is sacramental, that spiritual values count most. Such is his genius, and his genius is certain to make an impression on the art of the future. True, genius is a word that should be used sparingly in the world of art, but no one has ventured to question the genius of Mestrovic.

Geniuses are long remembered; tyrants are soon forgotten. And when the names of tyrants are only vaguely recalled as a symbol of a past terror, the name and works of Ivan Mestrovic, great Catholic, great Croat, great artist, will still be revered and honored.

Ivan Mestrovic's famous Pieta, weighing five and one half tons

John M. Haffert, Our Lady's Apostle

People

• **John M. Haffert** has been called "One of Our Lady's greatest apostles" by Bishop Sheen. This zealous Catholic layman from New Jersey has proven his right to that title. Mr. Haffert is the National Commander of the Blue Army, which numbers over a million zealous members who work and pray for the conversion of Russia. He is also the editor of *Soul* Magazine, the official paper of the Blue Army.

Mr. Haffert, son of a newspaper publisher, has won international fame as a speaker. In the United States alone, he has addressed in person over a million people, not counting his radio audiences. Last year, he had the honor of speaking at Fatima, on the anniversary of Our Lady's apparition. He was instrumental in bringing the Pilgrim Statue to this country and has the distinction of being one of the few American laymen to have talked to the visionary of Fatima, Lucia (Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart).

Mr. Haffert, who majored in philosophy and speaks six languages, has written five books, three of them best sellers in their fields. His latest book, *Russia Will Be Converted,* has had a tremendous sale and has been translated into several languages. "Communism," he writes, "cannot be conquered, because Communism is an idea. . . Communists can be converted." No one is working longer or harder for that conversion than Mr. Haffert. Mr. Haffert, his wife and two children, reside in Washington, N. J.

A cartoon on Haffert's latest book

The author visits with friends at Fatima

Radio TV Mirror

● **Nancy Craig's TV** popularity stems from a combination of sincerity and intelligence. Her ABC programs offer a stimulating cross-section of current events, the arts, homemaking, and science. Guests range from displaced royalty to missionaries returned from ordeals in China. Her approach to each fulfills the aim of the show: "to start people thinking about events and forces in the world around us." Nancy Craig is a doer, as well as a prodder. Since she abandoned the concert piano for radio, the former Alice Maslin of St. Louis has been promoting worthy causes, crusading against polio and teen-age narcotic sales, and prodding listeners to active roles in community and religious life. Awarded many honors, she is proudest of the "Foster Mother of the Year" title, given for aid to Europe's war orphans.

This bright-eyed, attractive star lives on Long Island with her mother and two children, Billy, 9, and Alice, 6. Added to the arduous duties of a daily TV show, she conducts a class for high-school radio aspirants at Fordham University's CYO Radio Workshop. To the "practical" tips she gives pupils, her colleagues would add a warm-hearted manner, sincere concern for those less fortunate, and the desire to put thirty minutes of air time to the best possible use.

Above: Mrs. Craig with her children. Inset: she directs girls at CYO Workshop, Fordham.

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The newsmen of ancient Rome described the Roman scourging. It bit, tore, furrowed the flesh, and laid a man's bones bare. That is what it did to Our Lord

"Pilate, then, took Jesus and had him scourged." (John 19:1)

Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

The Scourging

by JUDE MEAD, C.P.

JESUS Christ is the Man of the Hour, and every hour is His triumph. In this hour we shall consider the Scourging of Our Blessed Lord at the pillar, when Christ suffered in a special manner for the selfishness of men.

The superabundant sufferings of the Passion will always remain a tremendous mystery. Christ our Saviour is the all-holy and sinless One made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted. Upon Him, however, was laid the burden of our sins. "He was wounded for our iniquities: He was bruised for our sins." (Is. 53:5) There is an inexorable law of divine retribution laid down by the Holy Ghost in the Book of Wisdom: "By what things a man sinneth, by the same also is he tormented." (Wis. 11:17) This, then, is the key to an initial understanding of the scourging of Christ. Willingly taking our sins upon Himself, He suffers in His innocent flesh for us.

The Gospel is terse in its narration of the scourging. The scene is related in a single sentence. The Apostles and Evangelists, so close even in time to the reality of this shocking scene, are reticent about details, because of the horror it gave them and the depth of their personal love for Jesus.

The scene must have progressed in this wise. Our Blessed Lord was led off to the place of the scourging. Every criminal was scourged before crucifixion, but at this time Pilate had no intention of crucifying Christ. He was manifestly going to scourge Him and let Him go. Therefore this was to be a special kind of scourging, a Roman punishment reserved for rebellious slaves. The Jewish scourging was forty strokes less one, so that the victim would not die under the lash. The Roman scourging before crucifixion was also limited, at least by a vicious prudence, lest the victim not live to be crucified.

But, as Our Lord is stripped and tied to the pillar, His tormentors have no law to limit their fury. Here is a man come to them in a fool's garment—one who claimed to be king, so the people said. These soldiers would teach Him what it meant to rebel against the yoke of Rome. Jesus is stripped of His garments, His hands tied above His head to the column of flagellation. The soldiers appointed for the scourging take their place on each side of Jesus, holding the leather thongs tipped with lead or bone which the Roman custom warranted in such a case. They are rough and ribald men, hardened to immunity concerning the sensibilities and feelings of others.

Consider the difference between them and Our Blessed Lord. Here is the most beautiful of the sons of men. He of the healing Hands. He of the noble face, the lordly bearing. He of the sensitive and delicate body, which serves only to hide His very divinity. What shame and embarrassment for Him as He stands stripped of His garments, with His Sacred Body laid bare, waiting for the lash. A spectacle to all eyes!

With experienced and muscular strokes the soldiers begin their work. One stroke follows upon another with maddening regularity. Each stroke leaves its mark—a blue welt on the body of Christ. Repeated blows send crimson rivulets running to the ground. How long this unmerciful beating lasted we do not know. Perhaps until the soldiers themselves were exhausted. Certainly the sufferings of Christ were not considered.

Historians of the time, such as Josephus, Tacitus, and Cicero, use vigorous language to describe a scourging. The lashes, they tell us . . . "bite" . . . "tear" . . . and "furrow" the flesh. Cicero records a scourging that did not stop until a man's bones were laid bare. And the gentle Christ was treated no better than any other criminal.

The scourging over, the ropes or chains holding the body of the victim were loosened. The whip-lashed and blood-splashed Christ collapsed onto the pavement, reddened and warmed with His own Precious blood. How can we bear to look longer at our gentle Saviour so much abused.

Well did the Prophet Isaias write of Him: "From the crown of His head to the sole of His foot: There is no soundness in Him." (Is. 1:6) The Prophet David, seeing the Messias in this utterly reduced condition, puts these words of the psalms in the mouth of Christ, "I am a worm and no Man!" (Ps. 21:7) And, on Good Friday, Holy Mother Church sings with a plaintive eloquence, in the name of Christ at the pillar . . . "My people, my people! What have I done to thee? Answer Me. Thou hast scourged Me, and delivered Me up."

Why did Christ suffer so? Why did the God-Man lay bare His virginal flesh to the lashes? Why does Christ, the sinless One, lay in a crumpled heap at the foot of a blood-stained pillar? Why? Because of sin! Christ is reduced to this shameful state to atone for every offense man has or will commit against God. "The chastisement of our peace is upon Him . . . and by His bruises we are healed." (Is. 53.5) Christ is suffering in our stead. The Fathers of the Church tell us that Christ suffered the scourging in a special manner for those sins of men which defile the body.

Of all the sins by which man defiles his body, the chief is the sin of impurity, so rampant in our day. Sins of the married. Sins of the single. Sins committed together. Sins committed alone. Sins that make men and women lower than beasts. These are the sins that brought Christ down in a crumpled heap at the column of the flagellation, bathed in sweat and tears and blood.

Today impurity is taken for granted. It is not even considered bad taste. At most it is considered a human weakness or an easy way out. Some polluted minds in education and medicine urge unrestrained sex pleasure for the unmarried as necessary compensation. What madness to think so little of so great an evil!

Would you know the malice of the sin of impurity? Look at it not as the world does, but as God does. The sin of impurity at the time of Noe made God repent that He had ever made man! The sin of impurity in the time of Lot caused God to rain down fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, the ill-odored and ill-fated Sodom and Gomorrah.

The sin of impurity has always brought with it its own punishment both for body and soul. Nervous frustration and mental debility are the crown of its devotees.

Everywhere today, this sin is condoned and applauded—in newspapers, books, shows, magazines, and even over the radio and television. There is only one place where one can see this sin in its true light. Only one place where God's evaluation of impurity can be seen. In the blood-stained, crumpled figure of the God-Man, who looks with tear-filled eyes from the place where He has fallen, beaten and bruised and broken, for love of men.

St. Thomas Aquinas tells us that upon the capital vice of lust and impurity there follow these daughter evils: blindness of mind, rashness, unmindfulness, inconstancy, self-love, hatred of God, cleaving to the present life, and horror of the world to come. He points out that all these have one thing in common, that the mind is absorbed by the flesh. One might think the Angelic Doctor had been reading the modern daily press. Self-love pervades the hearts of men and women today as never before.

The effects of our present-day belittling of holy purity have brought forth a generation blind to the sufferings of Christ and the law of God. Our youth is rash beyond belief, willing to take any chance in time or eternity for thrills of the flesh. People are no longer constant in their efforts to avoid occasions of sin. God is hated in many parts of the world because He tells us as our Creator that we do not have sole dominion over our bodies. The attitude of this generation is to live for the moment. Heaven has nothing to offer to the children of this world, who find satisfaction only in their own selfishness and its satisfaction in their own flesh.

We may indeed be amused by the grotesque and exaggerated hideousness of the daughters of lust as they gloat over the Scourged Christ in medieval illustrated Passion meditations, but their artistic excess is far nearer to pleasing God than the sophisticated indifference of today's children to the Christ of the Pillar and their lost sense of sin.

The scourging of Christ is an object lesson to the modern world. The lesson is clear. Selfishness begets sins of the flesh. And Christ's triumph in this hour is to show men that their sins will not go unpunished.

THE DOVE

by BERNIECE BUNN CHRISTMAN

Between us now there lies this stricken dove,
The crimson feathers and the crumpled wing;
No love more sweet than this, the wounded love
That flutters with the breast-blood widening;
Where are the words so brightly swift and narrow
That seemed to matter but a while ago?
And was the issue worth the high-arched arrow
That brought this bird to bleed between us so?

Its wings remember garden boughs and sun,
Sweet traffic with the winds in spiralled spaces—
No bird so warm as this, the bleeding one
That spills its vivid red below our faces!
Need we have wounded it, when bending blind,
We tangle tears and hands to place the bind?

FIRE

by SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

Fire is a dreadful and a lovely thing:
Soft warmth that sets a homely room aglow
With peace,—fierce blaze that strikes a rooftree low,
Red heat of anger that can scorch and sting,
White heat of love, of bliss remembering
Past joys,—swift ardor of delights that flow
In liquid flame that saints and seraphs know;
Promethean spark whence inspirations spring.
Thus far we comprehend; but who shall name
With unenraptured breath and dull desire,
The Lovely and the Dread, Whose radiance lights
Our darkness, inextinguishable Flame
Of Love, whose dart with lightning swiftness smites?
Spirit of bliss and pain, of flame and fire!

the final tears

Defenseless and alone in the forest darkness, the young hunter became the hunted

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH POLSENO

THERE it was again, that boogerish feeling in the pine shadows and a sense of something watching, waiting among the dense trees up ahead. This spruce valley was a dark, forbidding place even in summer; now in midwinter, the silence under the blue-black trees was more than silence—it was like a spell. Queer, they had had to choose this place to lay their trap line just a week before his father had come down with flu—pneumonia, Gordon thought, leaving him to cover the long line alone during the worst weeks of winter. He wouldn't have minded tending the old line that ran along the lake shore, but this haunted place . . .

Gordon Bent was sixteen, approaching seventeen, already six feet tall and painfully thin. The first fuzz of manhood's beard showed like a faint gray lichen along his lean cheek. Timber-bred, he knew the woods and creatures as well as his father, and never before had he feared any of them. But something about this dark spruce valley had filled him with dread from the first.

It would have been all right, but for the nights. It took him two days to cover the trap line properly. So twice a week he had to make snow-camp in the deep woods, near the valley's head, sleeping out in the bark-covered, half-faced lean-to he and his father had set up for the storing of traps.

Almost too much to bear, it had been at first, the deathly, diamond stillness of the nights, the tremendous onslaught of the cold, the emptiness and the loneliness. And then he began to see and feel all the things he had longed to know; the deep woods showing him their secret face, their winter side, which few men ever had the need or hardihood to learn. Only because he had been raised to like lonely places had he grown accustomed to it. Then, in the past week or so, had come this other thing—the growing and recurrent sense that he was not alone, that inimical eyes were watching him from some unguessed vantage.

Once he had spoken to his father about it.

"Might be some young lynx-cat, playin' hide an' seek with you," the elder Bent had smiled. "A lynx is a tom-fool for followin' humans."

Gordon had let it go at that, but he knew by the occasional fuzz of nerves along his back that the secret shadowing still went on, and that it was more than an inquisitive surveillance. There was threat in it. He had thought at first it might be a wolverine, that bane of all trappers, whose cunning is beyond belief; but a wolverine would have played hob with his traps and this prowler did not molest his line. His catch of fur continued to mount and he was inordinately proud, for ill luck had long dogged the backwoods family, culminating in his father's illness coming just as the high tide of the trapping season began. Each outjourney now netted him from six to a dozen pelts. His father, lying in his cord bunk, would examine with expert appraisal every pelt that spilled from Gordon's filled sack, while Gordon would stand by, the faint sweat of pride on his frost-darkened face. The elder Bent would hold up the skins, blowing expertly into the piled nap where it was deepest, estimating their value, each one a rare mint of the secret woods.

"How many now, son?" he would ask, and Gordon, who kept careful record, would study his list. "Sixty-seven now, Pa. Thirty-five of 'em prime number ones, I figure."

"We're getting out of the woods for fair," his father would smile. "Spite of me lying here hog-tied and halted. Old Hard Luck went and hunted him another range after layin' me low, I guess. Couldn't cope with you nohow, Gordon."

"I aim to have more skins curing here than a body'll know what to do with, come February," Gordon would say largely, holding hard against the tide of feeling roused by this praise. He was bowed these days beneath the care of the line and all the chores about the place, trying to act like the man of the house, fighting against the undermining gnaw of exhaustion and the subtler gnawing of self-importance. Not for anything would he have shown by word or look the fear he felt in the lonely valley. For these were the crucial days that marked his initiation into the cult of finished woodsmen.

And the valley had kept giving up its daily tithe of treasure; the skins kept coming in. Three big bundles of them now hung in the storehouse suspended from chains against the inroads of rodents, and the cabin walls were pegged with them. More than pelts they were; furry flags and banners of victory, proclaiming that the Bents were winning out at last in their handicap fight against poverty; proclaiming too that Gordon was no longer a stripling, but a man. . . .

Now it was late afternoon and Gordon was making another lonely round of the line. Tonight he was to sleep in the woods again. As the short winter day drew to a close, he felt the clutch of the empty solitude like a hand squeezing the valves of his heart. He came to his night camp in a dense stand of hemlocks and as usual stood for a time, silent, gazing down the blue-black aisles between the trees. Always he felt the deep woods here as nowhere else, and always that sense of surveillance seemed stronger here.

All around his camp the dark conifers stood quiet, listening, as if they were tranced and hearing something too. They talked softly among themselves in winter tones. The tall firs with their heads together whispered and creaked; the hoary, matted hemlocks muttered low like so many aged prophets worrying over the flightiness and lax morals of the community.

by PAUL ANNIXTER

His nerves tautened and he loosed the safety catch of his rifle

Alaskan Gordon was aware of another sound, not of trees. His nerves tautened and he loosed the safety catch of his rifle. Then high above him he saw the source of the sound. A porcupine had just emerged from a hollow in a great hemlock. Gordon's rifle went up and he was about to put a bullet through the animal in nervous reaction to the start it had given him when he recalled something his father had told him. "Never shoot a porcupine," the elder Bent had counseled him, and since Gordon had found that it was a part of mountain law among woodsmen to let the quilltype go unmolested. The porcupine was an utterly harmless animal, abroad in all seasons and many a time, according to record, hunters' lives had been saved in a pinch by killing a porcupine for food.

Gordon lowered his rifle and watched the little animal slowly descending the tree, accompanied by the rasping of claws on bark and a total disregard for who or what might see him. Every now and then it emitted small grunts and snufflings of petulance or satisfaction. Once it turned its gray-black, gnomelike face to eye Gordon with an expression at once mild and ludicrously irate. Its quills rose and rattled, and the whole animal seemed to pale with anger and irritation, as the gray-white underfur came into view. Then it continued its downward progress, calm with a contentment that few but the great achieve. About him, if one were sensitive enough to catch it, was the sense that he was as mystically attuned to nature as the silent, grand march of the forest trees.

Gordon passed on up the valley, for he had three more traps to cover before he turned in. Darkness had fallen when he returned, and it was then that he found out why the porky had been hanging around. His grub cache had been robbed. He made a hurried check-up. Nearly all of his precious supply of bacon was gone. With infinite pains, Quills had gnawed a hole clear through the split log cache with his big yellow teeth, in search of this chief abandon of his kind. In an uprush of anger, Gordon berated himself for not having shot the porcupine. If he crossed the animal's trail again, he vowed, he would kill it on sight.

Because of the robbery, he rolled into his blankets with scarcely any supper. He did not sleep for a long time, but lay looking up through the branches to the cold sky pollened with stars. Finally he drowsed off. How long afterward it was that he awakened he never knew, nor what it was that seemed to cry a sharp warning through the mists of the unconscious. Something certainly akin to those guardian instincts that animals know, and without which wild things would soon become extinct. The same thing that had warned him brought him back to full consciousness smoothly and subtly, so that no slightest jerk or start accompanied it. Almost before his eyelids parted, he was aware of the nature of the danger that threatened.

A segment of waning moon shone through the branches overhead and into the open-ended lean-to. In the faint light Gordon half doubted the testimony of his eyes, though at the same time something within him did not. Something about the outline of the hemlock branch directly above him drew and fixed his attention. And all at once he knew that a great cougar was crouching up there; that it had been the grim fixity of the beast's regard that had jerked him out of sleep.

The limb was nine feet above him, and Gordon knew in a flash how the cougar had reached it by climbing a tree some hundreds of feet away and picking his way among the overlapping branches. The big cat was stretched out along the branch, its powerful foreclaws unsheathed and gripping the bark in tense but silent savagery. Its yellow-notch eyes glowed lambently in the flat downthrust head. By the savage hunger of those eyes and by every contour of the crouching form, Gordon knew that had he made a single abrupt movement on awakening, the cat would have sprung.

Gordon knew the nature of the cougar to be about 80 per cent ferocity, which is just another name for cowardice, and that under ordinary circumstances a man had nothing to fear from him. But there were certain times when there was no more dangerous enemy in the wilderness. Let age slow his speed and spoil his timing and hunger have its way with him, and the lion of America leans toward man-killing just as the lion of Africa. In the eyes of this one Gordon sensed fear and murder struggling for mastery. Here, he knew, was the unseen shadower that had been playing havoc with his nerves.

INSTINCT dictated his action in the moments that followed. He kept his eyes almost closed, that the beast might not catch their gleam; and his whole body remained still, in a semblance of sleep. He knew that if he so much as stirred a hand the cat would spring. But if he remained utterly still there was a slim chance that the animal would go away.

Horrible, heart-thudding moments passed, during which neither man nor animal stirred. The cougar remained frozen in his attitude of vigilance, head sunk on paws, every muscle set except for the slow, unconscious twitching of his rounded tail tip. His eyes held the boy unwinkingly as he waited in the fiendish way of cats for the moment when the man must stir, or make an attempt to escape, the moment when his ingrained fear would be swallowed up by the rising tide of his blood-lust.

Gordon began to feel that he was going mad. Sweat stood out on his body now, prickling sensations ran along his cramped limbs, and he could hear the pumping of blood in his temples like the beating of a great drum. He knew he could not hold out much longer; that soon his tormented nerves and muscles must assert an involuntary rebellion of their own, even though his will stood out against it.

He had located the exact position of his rifle, propped against the side of the lean-to, but he knew that a single move to reach it would precipitate a lightning spring. An almost overwhelming impulse to risk all on a desperate grab for the gun obsessed him, but his cooler faculties told him he would not live to fire a shot. The cougar would be on him, his great claws like steel hooks, ripping, tearing. . . . Yet the torture was too great for calm judgment now. He must move, in another minute, another second. . . .

And then, even as he was on the verge of desperate action, came interruption.

A sound smote upon his overstretched nerves—slight, yet magnified a hundred times in the breathless stillness. It was exactly timed to upset the dramatic situation at the moment of crisis.

● Busy souls have no time to be busybodies. ***—O'Malley***

Gordon saw a tremor pass over the lithe form of the killer on his high perch. For a bated instant he held his breath. The slightest thing now might draw swift attack. Then he gasped in relief, for he had located the sound. So had the cougar. The flat head lifted in attention; then the eyes glared downward from the *other* side of the branch.

Quills, the porcupine, had recalled his stolen meal of bacon in Gordon's cache and was returning in search of more. He had approached from behind the lean-to and was investigating the hole he had gnawed, giving vent to short grunts and faint, rodent-like chatterings of anticipation. Fearless and one-pointed in his quest, he was oblivious of both man and cougar.

Above him Gordon saw the cougar quiver slightly, its tail lashing softly. For a moment or two, he knew, the cat would not leap; for its shallow brain could focalize upon but one thing at a time, and the porcupine held his stage.

Stealthily Gordon lifted the blankets and reached for his rifle, his eyes never leaving the crouched form above. His hand closed on the weapon and with a single follow-through movement h dropped to his back again and fired.

Almost in the same instant the cou gar launched himself frenziedly down ward. Gordon fired again from h prone position, and in mid-air the lith outstretched body buckled and crum pled, the leap falling just short of th boy, who had flung himself aside.

As the silence of night fell once mor over the camp, Gordon found himsel trembling all over with a cold that ha nothing to do with the frost. A sort o whimper escaped him, the first sound h had made, and two hot tears sprang from his eyes and bounced off hi cheeks. They were the final tears o boyhood, he knew, and he was glad h was alone with them. Never would h cry again, and never again would he b afraid of any beast that prowled.

HIS eye was drawn to the squat form of the porcupine, every quill erec and faintly limned in a patch of milk moonlight. At the shattering report o the rifle, Quills had quickly double up in self-defense, thrusting his nos between his forefeet, bristling his armor As Gordon watched, the panoply o spines began slowly to lower and the little meddler took a crafty look around The unseemly ruckus that had startled him was apparently over. Disregarding the watching boy, he returned to hi rummaging and Gordon, grinning, made no move to stop him.

Sleep was gone from him for the night. Dawn, he knew, was not fa off. He built a fire near the opening of the lean-to and got out his skinning knife. Only then did he sense how very near the end he had been. In the light of the flames, he saw the yellowed and broken fangs in the cougar's open jaws, the ragged moulting look of the fur, and other signs of age. It had been long since the killer had been able to bring down his usual prey among the deer herds. Months of desperate hunger had led to the big cat's act of madness.

Gordon thought with a shiver of the inevitable outcome of this night had he shot the porcupine that afternoon as he had been tempted to do. He had been saved from a fearful end by the equivocal gods of wilderness affairs, who had been objectified for a space in this inquisitive little beast.

He had been through a thing at last, Gordon told himself, as he bent over his skinning. What a tale of his own he'd have to tell now of an evening when men gathered round hearth or campfire. No longer would he be a stripling hunkering back in the shadows, listening to the tales and feats of other hunters. He'd have a marvel to relate that matched the oldest of them now, and a pelt to prove it as a trophy.

Books

ROY CHIMNEYS

By Margaret Kennedy. *249 pages.*
Rinehart. *$3.00*

M. Kennedy

iles Lufton, the hero *Troy Chimneys,* is eighteenth-century nglishman of small rtune, large ambi- on, and split person- ity. He yearns for igh life and a seat in arliament but is sad- led with a conscience at agonizes over the means he takes to in them.

Miss Kennedy is a virtuoso with a rong historical and dramatic imagina- on. The incidents and characters il- minate and are symbolic of the strug- es and aspirations of the period: dmée, the refugee from a Nantes guil- tine; Hawker, son of an American ory, an exile homesick for Marblehead; udovic, the Whig lord of infinite sensi- lity and no heart.

It is a thoughtful novel, but its plot lays hopscotch back and forth in time nd is dependent on snippets of diary nd letters between Miles' descendants s well as his memoirs. A weaker story ight be enhanced by such fancy han- ling, but the eclipse of Miles Lufton lias Pronto, M.P., is worth plainer treat- ment.

Also, emotion recollected in tranquil- y may befit the interpretation of Miles ufton, would-be Wordsworth's person- lity, but it is inadequate in describing he other side of his life, that of a egency buck and winning politician in ough Whig England. Too, the book s a whole, for one with a male pro- agonist, is unsuitably feminine in pirit. So, *Troy Chimneys,* though a de- ightful historical study, as a psychologi- al one is only a gallant try.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE COMANCHEROS

By Paul I. Wellman. *286 pages.*
Doubleday. *$2.75*

Paul Wellman

This is another of a rowing number of novels popularizing he fascinating and nique history of our outhwest. It amounts o a Western, with the Comanche Indians as attle rustlers directed y a group of renegade Americans and Mexicans called Comancheros. These planned bloody raids on unprotected white settlers, then traded the loot the Indians brought in.

Paul Regret, sophisticated New Orleans gentleman, would never have become a Texas Ranger had it not been the only means of avoiding a murder charge because of a duel. After hard months in the saddle where he witnessed the savagery of the Indians, Regret volunteers with two others to find the hidden Comanche town, a mission proposed by Sam Houston, president of Texas in 1843, to make the state peaceful and orderly for admission to the U. S. Disguised as horse thieves, the Rangers are led by Indians to the Comancheros, who live hundreds of feet below the Staked Plains in the Palo Duro Canyon. Regret is amazed to find that the daughter of the Comanchero leader is Eloise, the girl he left behind in New Orleans. Although she shields them, treachery and intrigue increase until the three are exposed, tortured, but rescued in time by a large company of Rangers.

This novel has neither the depth nor scope of Mr. Wellman's *The Chain,* where he develops his characters thoughtfully. Paul and Eloise here are little more than types for this fast-moving action piece which has suspense, conflict, and just the right amount of romantic relief.

PAULA BOWES.

STEAMBOAT GOTHIC

Frances P. Keyes. *562 pages.*
Messner. *$3.75*

F. P. Keyes

There is one thing that readers can safely take for granted in a new Frances Parkinson Keys novel — its bulk. And the odds are also in favor of the fiction's chugging leisurely through the problems of several generations of Southerners in period costume. Such ingredients are sufficient unto the day for the faithful Keyes following, and *Steamboat Gothic* fits the mold patly.

The present saga is of the house of Batchelor, from the ante-bellum reconstruction of 1869 to 1930. When Clyde Batchelor, a sharp-handed river gambler, proposed to the lately widowed Lucy Page of Richmond aristocracy, he was prepared to surrender all the accouterments of a Gaylord Ravenal career. The Louisiana plantation, Cindy Lou, with its architecture patterned from the luxurious floating palaces, and the C & L Navigation Company which he formed remained his only ties with the golden Mississippi. He dedicated the rest of his life to meeting his wife's idealism and to keeping their marriage a sacrosanct partnership.

Though Lucy could not provide him with a direct heir, Clyde's dormant fatherhood found response in the devotion of his stepdaughter Cary, corresponding in intensity to the rejection by his odious stepson Bushrod. It was to Cary's son Larry that he confidently bequeathed Cindy Lou's eight thousand acres after his own work was finished there.

Counterplots of coincidence prod the action through a repetitive cycle of vicissitude and prosperity, as the scene shifts from the gaudy squalor of the waterfront to the graciousness of the near-New Orleans manor, and beyond that halfway around the world to the glittering elegance of French chateaux. The surroundings actually command far more interest than do the delicate, blushing brides (uniformly addicted to morning sickness) and their scrupulously proper menfolk.

The fact that all the loose ends of the story are gathered up and packaged as prettily as a box of bonbons will doubtless serve to bind Mrs. Keyes' loyal fans even closer to her. However, the unnecessary opening gibe at reviewers who have failed to appreciate her lengthy Foreword chapters in the past will certainly not enhance her prestige among the critics.

LOIS SLADE.

LYING IN STATE

By Stanton Griffis. *315 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.75*

S. Griffis

Stanton Griffis has been a successful Wall Street investor, owner of Brentano's bookstores, chairman of Paramount Pictures, and a director of Madison Square Garden. He has also been United States Ambassador to Poland, Egypt, Argentina, and Spain. And during World War II, as an

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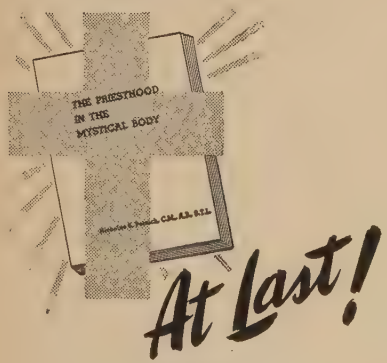

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OSS operative, he went to Sweden on an important and exciting mission, a cloak-and-contract affair which he recalls as if it had involved cloak and dagger. He has had a full and interesting life, for which he is grateful; and this book, an account of the highlights in it, is an expression of gratitude.

That makes it a pleasant book. It is not an important book, but one can be grateful to a man in whom gratitude is uppermost—and also, along with gratitude, readability.

Mr. Griffis, a believer in democracy, does not admire Franco's dictatorship in Spain, but he respects Franco's ability and Franco's opposition to the Kremlin. He argues that if, committed to that opposition ourselves, we support Tito, why not Franco? Mr. Griffis, in short, although he frankly enjoyed most of his time in the Acheson State Department, disagreed with its attitude toward a potential ally.

Pragmatically, Mr. Griffis admires Catholicism for its opposition to Communism; but he is guilty of the paradox of claiming that Catholicism, by its stand on birth control, promotes the kind of poverty and unrest on which Communism capitalizes. Does not Spain, a country he likes, appear to refute him on this?

Sophisticated and yet simple, shrewd and yet superficial, Mr. Griffis and his book are neither profound nor memorable. But they are not unattractive; they offer a couple of hours of pleasant reading and the refreshment of meeting an American diplomat who did not become bemused by red tape and who did not lose his love of his own great country.

HUGH CROSSON.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

By James Brodrick, S.J. *548 pages.*
Wicklow Press. *$5.00*

James Brodrick

On December 3rd, 1552, in his forty-sixth year, Francis Xavier, "the greatest missionary since Saint Paul," died on the lonely beach of Sancian—whence he had hoped to press on into China. The difficulty of telling such a story is that it so easily turns into a legend. But Father Brodrick is determined that the drama of that "evocative name, conjuring up visions of galleons . . . brown junks tossing on tropical seas, of hot Indian plains and stifling Malayan jungles, of explosive, sun-drenched Indonesian Islands, of a China and Japan as unmapped and mysterious as the dark side of the moon," shall not become a medieval romance. So the hero-saint is highly personalized by details of his rigid Spanish-Basque upbringing, of his curious immunity to the magnetism of Ignatius Loyola when the two met at the University of Paris, of his eventual and complete capitulation to the founder of the Society of Jesus—then of the apostolic odyssey which carried him to the four corners of the earth and so to heaven. The Francis who slaved more than forty days to master the Ten Commandments in Japanese; who, naturally inarticulate, learned to write letters like "thunderbolts," and naturally intolerant, won over the Portuguese and Oriental potentates by infinite tact—capable of occasional mistakes in judgment or policy, yet leaving the world a deathless heritage of zeal and compassion—is a human being as well as a saint.

It is always a delight to read or to review one of Father Brodrick's works, and his blending of historical accuracy, sympathy, and brilliant style has never been more compelling than in this Xaverian epic dedicated "to the Catholics of Asia."

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE FIRE OF FRANCIS XAVIER

By A. R. McGratty, S. J. *295 pages.*
Bruce. *$4.00*

A. R. McGratty

In 1533, a young scholar succumbed to an importunate ex-soldier: Francis Xavier surrendered to Ignatius Loyola and eventually became the second greatest missionary of the Church. Pope Paul III confirmed the Society of Jesus seven years later and in 1542 Xavier, who now would gain the whole world for God, landed in India. The fire of *El Divino Impaciente* ("The Divine Hustler") has never since been extinguished in the East. You can find the descendants of his converts in atom-decimated Nagasaki and starvation-haunted India. The life and martyrdom of Bishop Ford testify that later missionaries have preserved the flame.

This new Prometheus who bore the fire of faith was profoundly human. "Keep sending," he wrote to European Jesuits, "your letters. . . . I cut from them your signatures and these I carry above my heart always."

He was a lonely sacrifice to God, divorced from the culture he loved. He translated prayers and catechism into local tongues, memorized them, and walked the streets "ringing my bell, summoning all . . . who would come." He was ridiculous to some Europeans, but his work admitted no pride. To a Japanese prince, especially hostile to any foreign religion, he said that the vices of the royal household made men

more filthy than swine, more base than gs." No one can question the sheer ts of the man.

Xavier achieved courage, humility, crifice, and love, by committing his perty and memory, intellect and will God. In this he was rich; nor did he k for more.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

WORD AND SWASTIKA

By Telford Taylor. *431 pages.*
Simon & Schuster. *$5.00*

Gen. Taylor

f the various forces nat contributed to Hitler's rise to power, erhaps the least appreciated has been the ole played by the erman military leaders. Major Telford aylor, chief of counel for the prosecution f war criminals at Nuremberg, focuses is attention on this fateful conjunction f generals and Nazis. His conclusions e based upon a thorough study of the oluminous records of the Nuremberg ials and the diaries and memoirs of any of the German generals.

The author clearly shows that mutual aspicions and irritations between the fficer corps and the Nazi demagogues ere ultimately submerged in a common esign: the rebirth of a strong national pirit which demanded the revival of ermany's military power. The result f this *mariage d'interets* was a combiation of old and new forces in Gerany which, because of the power and aditional prestige of the generals, set he seal of final approval on the Nazi otalitarian state. "If the senior generals ad had a modicum of devotion to the epublic and firmness of purpose," says he author, "there is little doubt that ey could have laid Hitler low."

Those sections of the book that deal ith the formation and structure of the erman military machine are necessarly replete with technical terms and ames that will mean very little to the verage reader. Fortunately, however, he author sticks to his major theme and uccceds in producing a remarkable nalysis based upon a scholarly use of he available sources.

CHARLES BRUDERLE.

HAITI: HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE

By Hugh B. Cave. *306 pages.*
Henry Holt. *$5.00*

Hugh Cave, well known to readers of THE SIGN as a short-story writer, has roduced a thoroughly delightful travel-adventure book about Haiti and its eople, based on three years in that Republic. Mr. Cave went there with is wife and two children, learned the Creole language of the natives, and lived among them as a sharp-eyed friend. The result is an intimate and full-bodied picture of one of the Caribbean's most fascinating lands.

The author and his family wandered about Haiti by jeep, exploring off-the-track villages, watching the peasants at work and play, and absorbing the richness of the mountain scenery. He found some villages quaint, others an eyesore; the peasants, for the most part, are poor and illiterate and wasteful farmers.

The city folks, Mr. Cave discovered, are, with the exception of a rather small group of élite, only slightly removed from the primitive. Most are desperately poor and backward in a cultural sense. But city and country people alike, the author came to understand, are warm, vibrant, joyous, delightful persons. They are shrewd, courageous in the face of adversity, and eager to improve their lot.

Haitians are heir, of course, to generations of superstitions, many of which are compounded into voodoo. Mr. Cave witnessed some of these rites and has described them in detail. He notes that the Church, with patience and education, is trying to counteract voodoo and is gaining some successes.

Mr. Cave likes and respects the Haitians. He tells what they like to eat, how they prepare their food—and some of it sounds mouth-watering, too. But he is careful to observe that Haiti is no tourist paradise, in the adman's use of the term. You can't live there like a feudal lord on almost nothing. Besides, if you tried to, you wouldn't enjoy Haiti, which has to be lived in and savored to be appreciated.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER

By Maria Augusta Trapp. *220 pages.*
J. B. Lippincott Co. *$3.00*

Maria Trapp

The mother of the world-acclaimed Trapp Family Singers has written a deeply human narrative about the daily life of the Holy Family of Nazareth. In so doing, she has dipped into the materials of her own swift-paced life and has utilized them as background in painting a verbal triptych of the life of Jesus.

Mrs. Trapp relates how her family became interested in the Scriptures and how curiosity about numerous practical considerations led them to a search for myriads of unknowns about the life, happenings, and surroundings of the Holy Family. Says Mrs. Trapp: "We want to share with you our great dis-

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The Loved and the Unloved covers the height and the depths of Francois Mauriac's own peculiar vision of human life and persons. Laid in a French country town — one that is all tongues and spying eyes—it is the tragedy of Madame Agathe's ferocious passion for Nicolas Plassac; and, contrasting, her pupil, Maria Dubernet's Aucassin-and-Nicolette romance with Gilles Salone. Agathe's existence is a journey of humiliations, obsessed as she is by sheer will power to force Nicolas to love her. Marie, with childhood's perspective, sees in the smallest obstacle a block blinding out her sun forever. Maria's mother is an effigy in snobbery eaten by disease and pride; her father waits toad-like for his prey.

Mauriac's theme: the shards and fragments of life as it is led in a half-dead provincial town. Within this framework, his two young heroines struggle, triumph, despair, capitulate, and with true French practicalness yield themselves to their fate. It is Nicolas, turned trickster for friendship's sake, whom Mauriac strips of the world and sets on the road to God.

In a strangely shamefaced epilogue, Mauriac feels he must defend his work. And why? Because once some clerical critic complained of the *usefulness* of one of his books. Must there be a conversion in every act or money returned? If there is small sweetness in this novel there is much light; and much light too in the author's afterword. Gerard Hopkin's translation is an excellently fashioned bridge between a Gallic masterpiece and its English readers.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

CEDAR OF LEBANON

By John Cosgrove. *490 pages*
McMullen. *$3.50*

The author of *Cedar of Lebanon* is a man of wide and varied experience, having been by his own statement newsboy, iron moulder, sailor, sheepherder, truck driver, stenographer, and lawyer, and now, at the age of sixty-seven, he essays a new role for himself, that of novelist. The theme he has chosen, the impact of Christ's life, death, and resurrection on people from all classes of Roman and Jewish society, is not an easy one, but he handles it well. The narrative is vigorous, and characters and incidents come to life quickly and assume their role in the story.

The protagonist, Vitus Curtius, son of a noble Roman family, is a very sympathetic character, young, adventurous, full of unused vitality, who loves life and beauty with a passion that cannot fulfill itself in any sphere of activity. He begins by trying to make the new religion square with common sense, but sees very quickly that it is divinely inspired, because men do not give away everything to follow a hard, exacting discipline unless its principles are universal; men do not lay down their lives for a myth.

He learns the hard way, but, before he goes very far, experiences the redemptive value of suffering when it is borne with patience and offered up as sacrifice for sin.

A story such as this suffers a handicap from the start—to turn history into fiction does a disservice to both forms, and to explain a miracle is apt to destroy its vitality. The prose is somewhat stiff and the story could be shortened without any loss.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

ONWARD MR. CASEY

By Brassil Fitzgerald. *249 pages.*
Newman. *$3.00*

B. Fitzgerald

It would be folly, indeed, to tell the readers of THE SIGN anything about Brassil Fitzgerald's grand and glorious Thomas John Casey; anything at all except that here he is now, Glory be, in the bounds of a book. The publishers' blurb is unduly fancy, "a picaresque novel in the tradition of *Ruy Blas* and the *Pickwick Papers*." 'Tis outrageous slander thus seemingly

to relegate to dry-as-dust school and college courses the merriest Catholic book of the year. Of many a year for that matter! Not since Maurice Francis Egan, in the scholarly pages of the old *Century,* captivated everyone with the wiles of Sexton Magennis has there been such a joyously delightful man as Thomas John Casey. Maurice Walsh's Thomasheen James pales in his sight. The latter was an amusing character, it is true; but Mr. Casey is a cha*ra*cter, with the accent on the second syllable; and there's all the difference in the world between the two. For a cha*ra*cter has reality and humanity; and an eccentricity that is wryly humorous and merely put on, slyly and quizzically. Anyway, that's Mr. Casey.

Here are Mr. Casey's very neatly linked adventures, with nothing of the alienness that some people find in the exploits of Don Camillo, but with a robust American quality, the more pointed because its background is New England Irish and Catholic. Here is a book for everyone who laughed and wept at the motion pictures, *Going My Way* and *Come to the Stable.* It is more fitting to praise the writer for his felicitous blend of chuckling humor and warmly gentle pathos than further to introduce a man who surely needs no introduction to THE SIGN readers. Ladies and gentlemen, here, at long last, as the Duke said, is our own Thomas John Casey. Onward Mr. Casey—and up the Catholic best-seller lists! There's room for you all the way to the top!

DORAN HURLEY.

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▶"That's a fine youngster you have there," the kindly old gentleman remarked to a young mother seated opposite him on the train. "I hope you'll bring him up to be an honest and upright young man."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," was the surprising reply.

"Don't talk that way," the old man admonished. "Remember the old saying, 'As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines.' "

"I know," the young mother explained, "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we'll have to let it go at that."

—*Margaret Simmons*

MAFIA

By Ed Reid. *238 pages.*
Random House. *$3.00*

Ed Reid

Ed Reid is an affable, hard-working reporter on the *Brooklyn Eagle,* whose exposé of the Harry Gross bookmaking empire won the 1950 Pulitzer Prize for his newspaper. In *Mafia* he has applied his reportorial techniques to crime on a national and international scale by delving into the hidden story of the Black Hand.

Mr. Reid traces the Mafia from its origins as a patriotic group in Sicily, fighting foreign dominations, to its present overlordship of big-time crime here and in Europe. In the 1920's Mafiosi engaged in breaking the Prohibition laws; in the 1930's they worked protection rackets; and now, according to Mr. Reid, traffic in narcotics is their prime business. Woven throughout all their activities are violence and sudden death, graft, and political corruption.

It is an amazing story and a frightening one. Describing the Mafia as a closely knit organization of supercriminals, mostly of Italian extraction, who stop at nothing to make a dishonest thousand dollars, Mr. Reid names the group's leaders and gives their pedigrees. Lucky Luciano is thus listed as the European boss, while Vito Genovese of Brooklyn and New Jersey is one of the top men here. Frank Costello ranks twelfth on the list; Joe Adonis is fourteenth.

Many major murders are traced to the Mafia—the slaying of a New Orleans police chief in the 1890's; the killing of a New York policeman in Sicily in the 1900's; the shooting of Carlo Tresca in New York in 1943. In some, Mr. Reid's evidence seems to stand up, but in other instances, such as the Arnold Schuster case, it is rather weak.

In fact, *Mafia's* effectiveness as an angry exposé would have been increased, had the author not let conjecture, in some instances, take the place of fact.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

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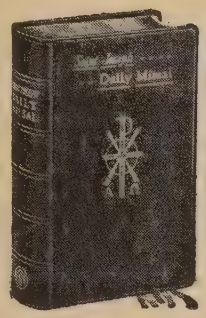

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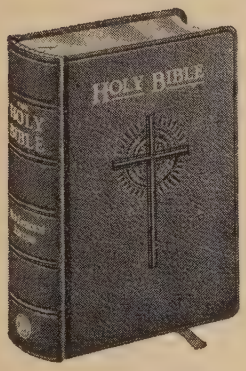

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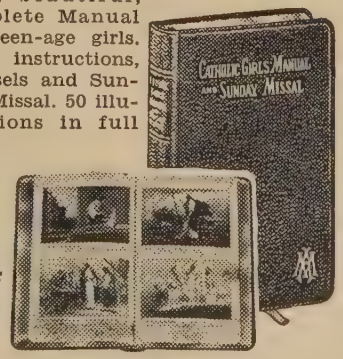

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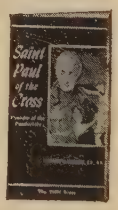

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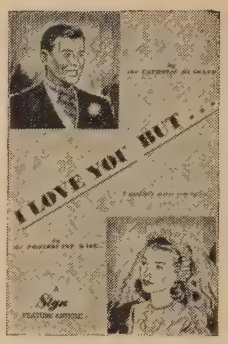

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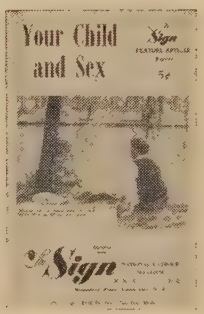

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graphy of the Emancipator's presi-tial years. Drawing deeply upon the ently (1947) opened Robert Todd coln papers, Professor Randall piles a mass of detailed information in attempt to recapture "the real coln." Sometimes, so vast is the hor's erudition, the reader cannot the subject for the footnotes. Yet one seriously interested in Lincoln's sidency and especially no historical dent of the period can henceforth ceed without an acquaintance with *coln the President.*

HE FRIENDS OF ST. FRANCIS. By lney F. Wicks. 164 pages. Franciscan erald Press. $2.50. If, as Mr. Wicks s, the test of sanctity is the power quicken souls in each succeeding neration, this little book in praise of Francis ought to have a happy re-ption. Though the author, an English nvert, insists that he is a business and ofessional man rather than a man of ters, he writes with charm and skill d poetic feeling. He says that St. ancis' gaiety reflects the security that mes from renunciation, from not ing enslaved by things, from being deemed. Perhaps St. Francis' great-t achievement is that within the rigid mits of his order, which stamped t pride, he was able to evoke from s disciples a richer individuality than ey had ever known before. Mr. Wicks akes it clear that St. Francis always w the true nature of man, whatever is rank or wealth, that he always spoke e reconciling word, and that he in-sted on a gradual stripping away of l that is unnecessary to man's spiritual fe. It is here that St. Francis becomes portant to our modern life—man must e freed from his obsession with goods y seeing himself as the steward, not he possessor of them.

HE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUS-TINE. Edited by Rev. J. M. Lelen, h.D. 384 pages. Catholic Book Pub-ishing Co. $2.75. The world's most ead, most loved, and most often trans-ated diary receives new zest in this ex-ellent edition. Its style has caught the ire of the saint himself, with snatches f his own literary forms of metaphor, ntithesis, and alliteration. The result is most readable. With realism and oignancy, Augustine's change of heart is dramatically captured. A brief biography prefaces the complete trans-lation of all thirteen books. Its lesson is most apt for this generation. For, demonstrably, a keen and cultured in-tellect cannot be satisfied with material pleasure nor a scientific mind find peace except in God.

THE IMMACULATE HEART. By John De Marchi, I.M.C. 287 pages. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. By now, it is generally known to those of the Faith that in 1917, Our Lady appeared to three Portuguese children, asked for certain things, and made certain promises. To many, however, the details of these apparitions are known only in a vague, nebulous sort of way.

Fortunately, we have available now in English the work of Father John De Marchi, who is a recognized authority on Fatima. His is an accurate, factual, and deeply moving account of the extraordinary happenings there. Living at Fatima for seven years, he knew Lucia, the only one of the children now alive; he knew their families and friends; he saw miracles accomplished.

He has had access to direct source material, and his book speaks eloquently of personal dedication to Mary's Immaculate Heart. Father De Marchi's work is most appropriate seasonal reading.

LIFE OF CHRIST. By Giuseppe Ricciotti. 402 pages. Bruce. $3.50. This is a popular edition of the noted *Life of Christ* which appeared in 1947, ran to over seven hundred pages, and sold for $7.50. Nothing has been omitted in the popular edition except technical apparatus which would not, in any case, be of interest to the general reader. Abbot Ricciotti digested the latest findings of specialist scholarship in preparing the Life. Miss Zizzamia wrought a translation from the Italian which so successfully catches English idiom that the book lacks even the faintest suggestion of its original foreign nativity. Mr. Croft, in unburdening the text of its academic surplusage, has kept all the smooth, integrated architecture of the longer volume. For the general market, there is not in English a more readable and authoritative Life of Christ.

HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Paul Heinisch. Translated by Rev. William Heidt, O.S.B. 492 pages. The Liturgical Press. $6.50. The academic discussion regarding history's identity as an art or a science is easily resolved for this volume. Here it is sheer art. This highly documented, beautifully illustrated, and precisely methodical text is a companion volume to the *Theology of the Old Testament,* by the same author. While primarily intended for the college or seminary level, its graphic approach is within the reach of all. Knotty Biblical problems are squarely faced and satisfactory solutions are supported with logic and decision. Artist Kacmarcik's symbolic illustrations add to the flowing narrative of God's dispensation with men from the Creation to the Destruction of Jerusalem.

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YOUR TEEN-AGERS: HOW TO SURVIVE THEM. By Alvena Burnite. 167 pages. Bruce. $2.95. Parents are parents for a long time before they are parents of teen-agers, and they can know a great deal about children without knowing very much about children who are going through the emotional and physical evolution of adolescence. This biological transformation is a family crisis which frightens many parents and sets them on a frantic search for some pool of information to carry them over their newly discovered inexperience. It is pleasant to be able to say that Mrs. Burnite has exactly what they are looking for. She tells parents just what makes the kids tick when they get to be that certain age. And she tells them how to tick along with the children, with the least expense of anxiety and the maximum amount of helpfulness. Mrs. Burnite is the mother of three teen-agers. She has been a social worker. She has been aided and advised by social workers, parents, priests, and literary craftsmen. Her book shows that she has absorbed and utilized the expert consultation which they offered.

THE TWO SOVEREIGNTIES. By Joseph Lecler, S.J. 186 pages. Philosophical Library. $3.75. One of the most sensitive areas of contemporary discussion is the relationship between church and state. The question plagues American Catholics in a particular ironic form. Catholics—with the exception of the Quakers—are the one group which has had no history as a persecutor in the territory of the United States.

They are also one group which is incessantly persecuted by others on the presumption that it will persecute them—as they do it—if it ever gets the chance. The scholarly Pere Lecler analyzes the whole question of church and state in *The Two Sovereignties,* indicates faulty solutions which had vogue in the past and which have appeared with a new twist in the present, and suggests a reasonable attitude toward the problems which will probably always attend on balancing up the proper functions of these two sovereignties.

GOLDEN GOAT. By R. L. Bruckberger, O.P. 63 pages, Pantheon. $2.00. Father Bruckberger is the French Dominican, now resident in the United States, who has been presented to the American reader in the acclaimed legend, *Seven Miracles of Gubbio,* and in his more recent autobiographical *One Sky To Share. Golden Goat* is a table built around the revolutionary Gospel economy: the first shall be last and the last shall be first, or, he that humbles himself shall be exalted and vice versa. Probably most readers will not advert to the fable—the inner, hidden meat that lies beyond the pretty façade of the story—any more than they would bother to peel an apple. The story itself is satisfying enough in an old-world, fairy-tale way. And readers, alas, read for entertainment, not for any mental medication fiction has to offer. If Mr. Disney, the world's best animated cartoonist, lived in a land where the Word of God set the real standard of art and life, we would be tempted to say: "This is for you, Walt. Grab it. It's real gold."

Bluff Called

▶ A New York restaurant owner employs two Negro waiters. When one of them failed to report for work one morning, he sent for the other.

"Where is Sam?" he asked.

"Poor Sam," his friend replied. "He's in the hospital."

"He seemed all right yesterday," his employer remarked. "Did he have an accident?"

"Yassuh."

"What happened to him?" asked the boss.

"Well," the other explained, "he's been tellin' me every mornin' for ten years that he's gwine beat his wife if she don't stop her naggin'. 'This mornin' she done ovahheah him."

F. J. Washburn

CHICAGO MEDIUM RARE. By Robert Casey. 347 pages. Bobbs Merrill. $3.50. A Chicagoan, who is old enough to remember, traces the history of Chicago from the Gay (Chicago) Nineties to the twilight of the Fair Deal. His focus is sharpest and steadiest on the Chicago which stumbled brashly and amiably into the twentieth century—its staid conventions and its spirit of bustle, its past achievements and the growing pains which presaged what it was since become, its cable cars and its bicycle craze, its gaslights and its pioneer skyscrapers, its ladies, who fainted on the slightest provocation because their corseting induced circulatory malfunction, and its murders which made the violent death of Chicagoans as fascinating to their fellow citizens as murder and disaster are in less robust areas. Mr. Casey's story, however, pans back into the shadows of the nineteenth century and forward into the glare of our own time. He evokes a nostalgia which will tug at the heartstrings of every American and will delightfully torture the soul of any Chicagoan who is over fifty.

A CROWN FOR ASHES. By Teresa Kay. Bruce. 321 pages. $3.95. This is the gripping, suspenseful story of the innocent people of Hungary in 1944 who were the blinded and the bound, the scourged and driven and betrayed, first by the Nazis and then the Communists, following the siege of Budapest.

Interwoven between the bombings, the skirmishes, the brutal labor camps, the merciless killings of Jews, the harrowing portraits of starving, homeless families and their frightened children, is the story of the unforgettable Marianna, of Hungarian nobility, and of her strong, pure love for Andrew, a Jewish musician disguised as a priest. *A Crown for Ashes,* besides being a poignant tale of tragedy and despair, dwells upon a symbolic theme, that in the war between good and evil neutrality is a crime.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Benjamin P. Thomas. 560 pages. Knopf. $5.75. Another addition to the vast collection of works on Lincoln would seem to demand an explanation. Actually, the author, by producing a one-volume life which combines full use of the latest sources with a thoroughly readable style, has managed to make a definite contribution in a field well plowed by researchers and collectors. Mr. Thomas presents a pleasant blend of Randall's scholarship and Sandburg's power with words. This is the type of history many a historian would wish he were able to write. The general reader, and perhaps even the expert, will be thankful that Mr. Thomas has succeeded.

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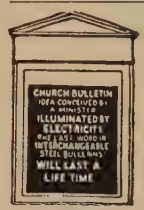

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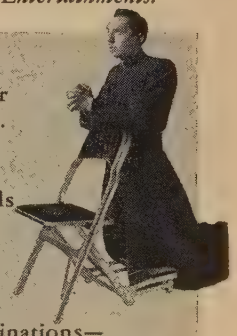

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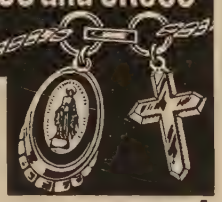

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RADIO & TELEVISION

(*Continued from page 57*)

ashamed of the program when it began, and groups of citizens petitioned to have it quashed. They felt four and a half hours of hillbilly music each Saturday night would give the world a mistaken idea of their fair city.

Fortunately, they were overruled and one of the greatest shows of all time was allowed to continue. An average of five thousand people attend the show each week and more than ten million hear it on the air. Station WSM, Nashville, broadcasts the entire program from 7:30 P.M. to Midnight each Saturday, but NBC carries only thirty minutes of it, coast-to-coast, 9:30 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

To hear the "Opry" is one thing, but to see it is an unforgettable experience.

To the "live" audience in Nashville's Ryman Auditorium, from which it is broadcast, the "Opry" is a fast-moving, country jamboree, a hillbilly extravaganza, with more than 125 stars and featured performers.

To the stranger, city-born-and-bred, it's another world in which the audience rivals the performance in color, interest, and fascination. Entire backwoods families are present, including all the children and even babes in arms. These families usually bring basket suppers, but patrons may also buy popcorn, ice cream, soda, etc., from boys who hawk their wares up and down the aisles of the huge auditorium.

If you've never seen the *Grand Ole Opry*, with Red Foley, Cousin Minnie Pearl, Roy Acuff, and the other hillbilly millionaires, you've missed one of the greatest shows on earth.

It's right out of the heart of America, so it has to be great.

In Brief

"American televiewers will be able to watch the Pope celebrate Mass in the Vatican next Christmas," says a top NBC-TV executive. . . . Professional football star Bob Waterfield, Jane Russel's husband, will become a cowboy hero via television. . . . More schools for TV servicemen springing up around the country in an all-out effort to stamp out rackets. . . . Washington insiders say the impact and coverage of TV will limit future presidential campaigns to about four or five weeks, by the consent of all parties. TV will thus practically eliminate traveling around the country, stumping and whistle-stopping, etc. . . .

Former Communists say the last Red hold on show business will be broken when the Communists are blasted in the Radio and TV Writers' Guild, which can be any time. . . . Pee Wee Reese now a radio sportscaster in his home town, Louisville. . . . Clara Bo the "It Girl" of a generation ago, m make a comeback via a comedy series. . . . *One Man's Family* will return to television this season "as as we now know," so says NBC. . . .

Jean Hersholt changed his mind abo TV-ing "Dr. Christian" and plans the video version of the popular ra series are now being formulated. . Pfc. Vic Damone will be out of Army and back on the air about m January. . . . The Ford Motor Co pany planning a gigantic two-hour te cast on both NBC and CBS some ti in June. The telecast will mark company's fiftieth anniversary and w cost an estimated $500,000, the most pensive one-shot show in TV histo as far as anybody knows. . . . Hol wood movie star Gale Storm sa "Television has done more for me six months than Hollywood did twelve years." . . .

President Truman's first TV appe ance after he leaves the White Ho January 20 will probably be on Kate Smith TV show. . . . Bob Ho tells intimates he'd like to do a Bro way musical and will the first go chance he gets. . . . Daffy Dean w follow his brother Diz's current car and become a sports commentator a Texas radio and TV station. . Dowager Queen Mary of England h refused an invitation (for the preser to do a filmed video interview of "a vice to young girls". . . . TV set p duction is at an all-time high, mea ing receivers are being turned out the rate of ten million a year. . . . Mo producer Sam Goldwyn says 50 per ce of the nation's motion picture theat will be closed within five years! I means TV is tough on the movies.

Faulty Connection

▶ Telephone operators receive many strange requests, but one of the most unusual came recently from a lady residing in a rural section of the country.

Answering a signal, the operator received the following request from the elderly subscriber:

"If you please, Miss, my telephone cord is too long. Would you mind pulling it back at your end?"

—*Stanley J. Meyer*

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

(*Continued from page 42*)

name John and a few of the natives, too old to be signed on as carriers. I found John on the veranda with his pipe, shivering in the mist.

I leaned there against the rail and glared at him, hating every wrinkle of his sly old face. "You're a wicked old man," I said. "You've done the boy out of his gold, to be sure—but do you think you've made the secret safe for yourself? Don't you know that every last fortune hunter in Kibuna is on his way now to the boy's river, where you found *your* gold? *They* know why you were so anxious to put him off the track!"

"I watched 'em go," said John, nodding.

"And they'll come home rich, the whole undeserving lot of 'em. While that boy, that nice young boy . . ."

Old John came out of his peculiar reveries and looked up at me. "No," he said. "They won't come home rich. He will."

"What?"

"He's young, Martin West is," said John. "He's young and honest. He's got a fine girl waitin' for him, and a future planned. We don't want him wastin' the best years of his life in this miserable place. Do we?"

He stood up, shaking his head. "I'm an old man," he said then, fiercely, "and some of you think I was born old, I suppose. Well, I wasn't. You look here."

With that he fished from his hip pocket a sweat-stained wallet which I'd seen a score of times before. Out of it he fumbled a photograph, yellow with age. It was a picture of a girl.

Her face was faded almost to nothing. You could see she was young, though, when that picture was taken. Pretty, too. Every bit as pretty as Martin West's Ruth.

"With me," John said, "it wasn't a ranch in Queensland but a little shop in Sydney. Never mind. I got the gold-fever instead and never went back to her. And now that I've found my gold at last, what good is it?" With a sigh, he sat down. "You know something?" he said wistfully. "When Martin West comes out with his fortune and the rush begins, I'll wager my name isn't even mentioned. It'll be him they talk about . . ."

And so it was, as everyone knows. Martin West's strike, they called it. Because old Noname John was gone then, to a lonely last sleep under a headstone by the beach.

But now that Martin West and his Ruth are settled on their Queensland ranch, they want the facts of the matter made clear. They think the girl in John's photograph, if she's still alive, will be happier for knowing the truth.

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LETTERS

(*Continued from page 2*)

couples have their own parents living with them.

I would like to comment that the marriages she worries about could not be very stable to start out with. Furthermore, who is she to state the "older" folks have lived their lives? Also, where does she suggest they be put or discarded?

Does Mrs. A. K. ever expect to grow old or lonely? I shall pray for her speedy conversion to Christianity.

(Mrs.) Patrick O'Rowan

Chicago, Ill.

Subscriptions for Chaplains

Editors of The Sign:

Yesterday I saw a neighbor with a bundle of copies of The Sign in her hand, and, on inquiry, I learned that she was giving them to the Chaplain at the Naval Medical Center. She told me that the Chaplain said that that great military hospital had practically no Catholic magazines.

I immediately sent your subscription department an order for a copy to be sent regularly to the Catholic Chaplain. But one copy is just a drop in the bucket for a hospital as large as the Naval Medical Center. What the military and veterans' hospitals need are a dozen regular subscriptions, and not have to depend on occasional bundles of old copies.

It just isn't fair to you editors who work hard to turn out a good magazine like The Sign when it fails to get into the places where it is needed and wanted.

In every town where there is such a hospital, I will wager that it would be easy to find a dozen men willing and eager to pay for a subscription for the Catholic Chaplain.

Col. George S. Brady

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Chaplains in hospitals and in the armed forces, missionaries, and others are delighted to receive subscriptions to The Sign. We have a long waiting list. Please send us subscriptions for such worthy recipients.

Editorial

Editors of The Sign:

I am one of the "isolationists" or "impatient friends" referred to in "The Ostrich, the Eagle, and the Cross," printed in your November, 1952 issue of The Sign.

This editorial, along with similar articles in Catholic publications, gives evidence that the Catholic clergy and Catholic "intellectuals" are promoting the United Nations and foreign aid programs. Believing that "to lead and use them" they have an easy way to convert the world and to bring about world peace.

Above all others, the Catholic clergy should know that greed and sloth must be divorced from the hearts of all mankind before international unity and peace can be achieved. That there is no easy way to this end. And that certainly money and armaments are not the answer.

With all due respect to our clergy and intellectuals, in my humble opinion, they

are out of their element in world politics. They have been sold a bill of goods by the U.N.'s promise of peace and by its do-gooder agencies.

I am shocked at Catholic recognition of an organization founded without God. And, I am scandalized at the clergy's promotion of and co-operation with an organization dominated by the anti-Christ.

DOROTHY M. WAYMIRE

APPLETON, WIS.

"A Proud People"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This is to congratulate you on the November issue of THE SIGN. I particularly liked Harry Sylvester's short story, "A Proud People." This story by Mr. Sylvester served two purposes, in my opinion. It was good entertainment, and in addition, depicted treatment of the American Indian. I am always delighted to see an article or short story in THE SIGN which deals with our racial minorities.

LAWRENCE E. MCALLISTER

FLUSHING, N. Y.

Sorry Omission

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A word of thanks and congratulations for your fine picture article on Gallaudet College for the deaf in the November issue of THE SIGN magazine.

It was most distressing, however, to find a great omission in your report of the college. One of the most active groups there is the Catholic Newman Club, headed this year by Mr. Terry O'Rourke. Spiritual training is one of the big assets of the college, and with a Catholic enrollment of 43 (one-fifth of the total) the activities of the Newman Club certainly merited some mention.

REV. MR. ELDRED B. LESNIEWSKI

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Poetry

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the November issue of THE SIGN, I read and enjoyed very much "Subvenite for Autumn," another of the inspiring and enlightening poems of Sister Mary of the Visitation.

There is certainly a quality in them which isn't seen much but needed in the world of today. I like every one of her poems which I have read in your magazine. I would love to see more of them.

ROSEMARY MAISEL

CATONSVILLE, MD.

Family Unity

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In answer to Mrs. C. Keller's protest that family unity is being dissolved because each member of her family takes part in his or her church society. Doesn't Mrs. Keller realize that it is this wonderful display of devotion in these societies that makes for unity in Christ's Church where we are all children of one family—God's?

She should be proud that, as individuals, her family sets such a good example of Catholic faith, and at the same time proclaims as brother and sister those lonely

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In the inspiring environment of this accredited standard college, girls acquire cultural knowledge and career skills. B.A., B.S. and B.F.A. degrees. Music, art, commerce, secretarial, journalism, teacher training, speech and radio. Beautiful buildings, spacious campus. Tennis, riding, swimming. Catalog. Early registration advised.

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Young Men, *18 to 35 years of age*, who do not wish to become priests, but feel called to the *Religious Life*, are invited to join the Society as *Lay Brothers*. Theirs is a well balanced life of *prayer* and *work, office, shop, kitchen, and farm work*.

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Become a Priest and Teacher! *Join the Piarist Fathers!* The Order, founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius in 1597, is the first Teaching Order in the Church. They started the first free schools for everybody. The members of the Order make a special fourth vow to educate youth.

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live a monastic and an apostolic life. From the solitude of the cloister, they go forth to preach missions and retreats. Young men interested in a vocation to the Passionist Way of Life are invited to write for further information.

Those living east of Ohio should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

YOU as an **ALEXIAN BROTHER**, can be a *follower of Christ*. Imitate His great charity—*Serving the Mystical Body* as a Hospital Brother. Learn the many aspects of this vital *Apostolate of Charity*. Contact

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117 James Boulevard

BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Young men interested in teaching or in the various allied activities of the religious life may secure information and literature by writing

BROTHER HYACINTH, C.S.C.
St. Joseph Juniorate Valatie 9, New York

A PASSIONIST VOCATION FOR GIRLS

Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis
Williamsville, New York

Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

The Church needs Missionaries—catechists, domestic workers, teachers, nurses. Young women between the ages of 16 and 27 of normal health, average intelligence, good character and generous heart are qualified to fill this need. If interested apply to

REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL
Pallottine Missionary Sisters
St. Mary's Convent
Huntington 2, W. Va.

Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

NOVITIATE: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
Write for Information and Free Literature

Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood

offer to generous young women interested in religious life many types of charitable and educational activities. We work as: kindergarten, primary, industrial, commercial, and high school teachers; catechists; social workers; nurses; dentists; musicians; artists; journalists; housekeepers; seamstresses; fine needle workers, etc.—in home and foreign missions.
Please write to: Mother Superior
Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 43, Shillington, Pa.

YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master and interested in boarding school work or the rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

YOU CAN WIN SOULS

For Christ as a Missionary Sister doing catechetical and nursing work. Age 16-30. Write:

Daughters of Mary
HEALTH of the SICK
Vista Maria
Cragsmoor, N. Y.

The Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

devote their lives to teaching, nursing, and caring for the aged and orphans in the home and foreign missions. Does the Sacred Heart call you to serve Him in this Congregation? Write to

Mother Provincial, St. Michael's Convent
Bernharts Reading, Pa.

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

HAVE YOU A DOMINICAN VOCATION?

The Sisters of Saint Dominic are devoted principally to teaching in Grammar School, High School, and College. They also have Sisters employed in social, secretarial, and domestic work.

For information address:
Directress of Vocations
MOUNT SAINT DOMINIC
Caldwell, New Jersey

A NEW YEAR—A NEW OPPORTUNITY

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception engage in teaching, nursing, care of orphans and the aged, and do social work in home and foreign missions. Write for free literature.

Directress of Vocations
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
P. O. Box 1858 Paterson, N. J.

CARMELITE SISTERS

of the Divine Heart of Jesus welcome candidates who wish to consecrate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus, by taking care of children, the aged or missions. Apply to the

Reverend Mother Provincial,
1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, 13, Wis.

ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

members of the parish, the *only* Catholic in a family; the convert, the spinster, the bachelor, and sadly, the children, at the children's Mass, with lax parents or of a mixed marriage.

(Mrs.) Charles T. Kamarad
Flushing, N. Y.

A Course for Non-Catholics

Editors of The Sign:

Anyone with a desire to learn what the Catholic Church teaches may now obtain an official course by mail, completely free of charge, without obligation of any kind.

This free Correspondence Course is available to any non-Catholic. It is available, however, only to non-Catholics who personally request it.

Frederick J. Loeper
Home Study Service,
St. Charles Seminary,
Overbrook, Phila., Pa.

Religious Art

Editors of The Sign:

Our trend in "assembly line" religious art, if it can be called art, is or has grown very appalling in recent years. It must have reached quite a climax for our Holy Father to have made an announcement regarding its limitation.

I compliment The Sign for publishing its sentiments on the Holy See's announcement. But, then, on the other hand, I fail to see why this same publication allows the advertising of this same "trash" it condemns. And not only this publication, but many other influential Catholic periodicals as well.

Peter H. Bourne
Port Hueneme, Calif.

Appeal for Signs

Editors of The Sign:

Please ask the readers of your magazine to send me their copy after they read it. Upon receiving it, I shall forward it to a needy missionary. Please ask them also to send me all types of good reading matter, old religious calendars, re-used Easter, Christmas, birthday cards, usable clothing, and all types of good reading matter for children.

I would be glad to furnish any of your readers the name and address of a missionary who is in need of above articles.

Good literature is badly needed in India to combat Communism.

Donald Stack
12 Bassett St.
Lowell, Mass.

Teen-ager Reaction

Editors of The Sign:

The article, "I Found Sanctuary," in the November issue is the best I have ever read on Communism. As a teen-ager, articles on Communism seldom interest me, but Miss Dodd told her story in such a personal way that I found it very interesting.

I also liked "Leaderless Resistance," as this article involves teen-agers themselves and gives us some ideas about dealing with this menace.

Christina Morimando
Rochester, N. Y.